

The Innis Herald



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Nine Short Paragraphs About Don McKellar

Stephen Hutchison expresses his admiration for Innis' screenwriter-in-residence

The date was April 16, 1980. The principal of Toronto's Lawrence Park Collegiate arrived at school and, before the day could begin, was greeted by a somewhat eccentric 16-year-old high school student named Don McKellar. McKellar and his friends had formed an unofficial group that they called the Existentialist Club, dedicated to the discussion of the great works of philosophy. The young McKellar informed his principal that the great French philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre had just died the previous day, and, no doubt with the aid of his irresistible charm, convinced the principal to allow him to make a statement over the PA system. McKellar spoke briefly to his peers, informing them of Sartre's passing, and asking them to join him in a moment of silence. The "moment" of silence soon, however, transformed into several progressively hilarious minutes. Eventually, the school's vice-principal was forced to snatch the microphone away from McKellar and put an end to his existentialist prank.

Twenty-four years later, the same McKellar – by then an accomplished actor, screenwriter, and filmmaker – stood before an audience at the Toronto International Film Festival to introduce his second directorial effort, *Childstar*. Among the crowd were such luminaries as Governor General Adrienne Clarkson, acclaimed filmmaker Guy Maddin, and the semi-popular but only quasi-talented

actor, Paul Gross. Positioning himself at the corner of the stage, McKellar delivered a short, nervous speech, politely asking for his audience's patience. McKellar then departed from the stage, allowing the curtain to part and the film to begin. The audience then viewed the film's opening scene, in which McKellar's character, a struggling filmmaker, introduces a film at the Toronto International Film Festival, making the exact same speech that McKellar had just made to the audience, in the exact same manner, wearing the exact same clothes, and standing in the exact same position. The crowd roared with laughter. If anyone else has performed a more post-modern act than that, I certainly haven't heard of it.

Through the generosity of a hundred thousand dollar grant from Universal Studios, Innis College has been able to host Don McKellar as its screenwriter-in-residence for this academic year, during which he taught a screenwriting workshop. McKellar's connections to U of T originate much earlier, however, than just this year. "My parents met here at Hart House," McKellar told a group of students at Hart House in 2000, "They were married here too. And I think I was even conceived here, in a room down the hall." After completing high school, the Toronto native then attended U of T at Victoria College, where he studied English.

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Ten things I've learned this year that don't involve doing my own laundry

We can all relate to Chandler Levack

Wow, I remember reading my first copy of the Herald last year during my Innis tour, and being so excited about my upcoming year 1 could barely contain myself. I had visions of me reading Proust on the subway, walking down Bloor with a self-satisfied smile, effectively researching in the library. Flash forward 8 months: my copy of Proust is long-gone, I walk everywhere to avoid the \$2.25 fare, I rarely smile on Bloor anymore because it is so cold I'm afraid my face might freeze that way, and library – ha! Frankly, I just don't do peacock. Contrary to popular belief, my life doesn't exactly constitute a year's worth of episodes from "Felicity". However, it has changed dramatically since I entered the residence on September 5th – a date I had been counting down ever since my acceptance letter arrived (way too late) in early June.

Last year, I was University obsessed. After months of recalibrating my high school average, making pros and cons lists of the various impractical programs I'd been accepted to, and enjoying the occasional summer job panic attack in the back room of my local Blockbuster (you know you've hit a low point when you realize that you are hyperventilating into a life-size standee of Steve Martin in "Cheaper by the Dozen") – I made my choice, and ended up here at the University of Toronto. Now no longer a mere freshman film student, I have learned invaluable lessons in the ways of life, learning, and of course, microwaveable vegetarian food. While I am sad to leave this year be-

hind for 4 months of part-time torture, I cannot retire to suburbia without imparting my knowledge in the ways of a successful first year, a feat far more rare than some may believe. Use this wisely and if ever in doubt, remember that peanut butter isn't only a condiment, it's a way of life.

1) Don't throw up on authority figures.

This should go without saying, but chances are if you have already experienced it, you know the repercussions. No one likes to star in a projectile vomiting episode so when the room is reeling and you begin to think that the new Maroon 5 single sounds "sort of okay", you need to stop swigging the Captain Morgan and down some coffee pronto.

2) Treasure September.

Oh darling September, how I long for you. Remember when everything was warm outside, and all you had to do for homework was buy books and decide on an IKEA lighting scheme? Remember when everyone was biking and wearing tank-tops and that guy across the hall from you was merely quirky as opposed to incredibly aggravating, when your \$400 courses were interesting and appealing and you weren't surviving on a diet of ramen noodles and instant breakfast packets? Keep September in your heart for as long as you can, because it only goes downhill from there.

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Innis Herald Community

The Last Curtain: Editor-in-chief Stephanie Silverman uses her final reserved space to make a plea for continued support of the media, and to say goodbye.

These are tough times to be publishing a student-run newspaper. Indeed, it is a difficult period to be putting out any kind of publication. Not to sound paranoid, but it would appear as though attacks are coming at newspaper from all angles these days. Take, for example, the quickly fading but stupidly shocking report that a gay hustler calling himself "Jeff Gannon" was paid to lob soft questions at the President but that White House staff had no idea he was operating under a fake identity. Mind you, the intrepid skills of networking, deception and playing to a man's ego probably came in handy when the "journalist" was performing his other job: selling himself as a \$200-hour male escort! To borrow a term from P. Diddy, the hustler's been hustled. Gannon's website has shut down with a ridiculously self-aggrandizing slogan – "The Voice Has Been Silenced" – and the story will probably fade from the headlines. At least we can take comfort knowing that Gannon's escort fees will only increase (can you imagine the pre-coitus dinner conversation?), thereby giving all failed reporters hope for upward job mobility.

If only Hunter S. Thompson had stayed with us a little bit longer: seasoned from the experience of the 1972 campaign trail, the famed gonzo journalist would have had a field day with this monstrosity. Sadly, the days of truly "investigative" journalism seem behind us, if only judging from the conscious choice of two major U.S. networks to completely ignore the Gannon fiasco and to play up the later-life cartoonish descent into self-parody of the otherwise respectable Thompson. In these days of fake news, blog news, or no news in the mainstream media, I am left to long for Thompson and the time when reporters will once again be encouraged to leave their homes and investigate our lives without fear of censorship or network punishment.

On the home front, in a manner much less significant than life, death and gay prostitution but nevertheless extremely irksome, the Herald, too, is being assaulted in the public sphere. Instead of requesting a meeting with any or all of the campus newspaper editors, a SAC Candidate named David Fremes has mounted a public attack on the verity of our publications. Accusing us of gross wastage of both the environment and student funds, Fremes insists that if only we editors were to stop

caring so much about ad revenue, the campus would be a greener place.

The elucidation of these views in front of my Sidney Smith lecture hall on 1 March not only surprised but also angered me because there had been little mention of this spurious attack in the "Vote Evolution" ticket before, let alone indication that he would center it as the main focus for his entire platform. To clear a few things up: during my three-year term as co-editor of the Herald, we have never accepted funds from advertisers. Instead, the fully-transparent and thrice-audited Herald relies on a levy supplied by each Innis College student that was agreed to in a ballot referendum. The Herald supports not-for-profit endeavours (including but not exclusive to UoT Cuts for Cancer, the Sodexo unionizers, WUSC, the ICSS, and various music education programs) and so allots free newspaper space to these groups. Ironically, we had even offered space to Fremes when he was heading up the The FiRM (Fast-food Industry Recycling Movement) Club. When I tried to talk to him about how his information was wrong and that perhaps he should have consulted with us or read my personal response to his rude letters of inquiry, he told me "not to be such a wussy". It was then that I dropped the argument because, frankly, what kind of intelligent response can be lobbed back to that remark?

It is under these distressful banners for continued abuses and misuse of the public press that Corey Katz and I are stepping down from the editorship of the Innis Herald. We leave with the hope that local and international media will bond together and continue the good fight because the public narrative should not be stopped or censored. Newspaper contributors should continue to sponsor lectures, be involved in public debate, and never stop discussing and educating around the important issues. UoT is our academic environment and it is up to the students to continue to foster it against those people working to stifle it. We have felt this responsibility for three years as editors and this trust is what we pass on to our capable successors.

We hope that you have enjoyed your time with us because we have thoroughly enjoyed our time with you.

Farewell, Herald From Nicole Polivka

I am coming to the end of a 3-year affair, which means it's time to reminisce. During my time at the Herald, I have read writing that's run the gamut. I have had the pleasure to read some very talented authors, who, in the future, will be names to watch out for in the authorial world. There are also others who, in the future, will have the pleasure of knowing they wrote a decent article for the Herald.

This year marks the end of an era for the Herald. Along with the graduating students this year go memories of some hallmarks of Herald history. How does one spell, "Israeli," anyway? Will the man who 'single-handedly took down Fantino' ever get his PDF published? Will pictures of Steve Jug and Jamin ever be repainted? Where has Mark Greenberg gone? There are big shoes to fill, future Heraldians, but fill them you must.

The Herald has come a long way in the three years I've been involved here. From midnight copy-editing slipped under my res room door to the swifter and more efficient system of e-mailing we have today, the changes for the better have been, for the greatest part, due to the efforts of two very dedicated Editors-In-Chief, Stephanie Silverman and Corey Katz. I have had the pleasure to work for/with them for the past three years and

have seen many of the wonderful changes they have made to make this paper run more smoothly, more efficiently, and with more pizzazz. The time and effort that they have put into this paper is really to be admired. While this has been a three-year affair for me, it has been a full-blown relationship for them, one that I am sure will end with much tears, drinking, and horrible but wonderful puns. Thank you, Stephanie and Corey, for the countless things you have done for this paper.

Although they are, sadly, graduating, we are lucky to leave behind other very talented people. There is one with whom I've had the pleasure to work, my grammatically-correct, hard working Co-Associate Editor, Stephen Hutchison, to whom I want to thank sincerely for his help over the past two years. There are also many, many others, with whom I have not had the privilege of working directly, who have done a wonderful job with the Herald, and I am sure will continue to do so in the future. It has been a real pleasure, and I wish Corey, Stephanie, and everyone else at the Herald, the best of luck in their future endeavors. Before I get long-winded (which I've never, ever, done, especially not in this paper), it's time to say good-bye. So long, Herald, and thanks for everything.

Good times courtesy of CINSSU

Hey U of T, it's the CINSSU guru again. All of us at Cinema Studies Student Union hope you that had a great reading week and that you aren't nearly as screwed as, say, I am. If you need a break from the schoolwork and want to see some great films for free, check out CINSSU's Free Friday Film series. This month, we're featuring a Queer Cinema series starting this Friday, March 4, with Lukas Moodysson's *Show Me Love* and Simon Shore's *Get Real*. The following Friday, come see Kar Wai Wong's *Happy Together*, the conclusion of the Queer Cinema Series. On Friday the 18th, come check out a yet-to-be-determined French film and the semester closer on April 1st will be Wes Anderson's latest whimsical offering, *The Life Aquatic with Steve Zissou*. All, yes all, of these films are completely free and held at Innis Town Hall. If you have any questions at all, check out the website: www.utoronto.ca/fff. So get out there, Junior Explorers, see some free films. CINSSU and you: happy together.

Kudos from the Environmental Studies Union

The last school year has sped by for the ENSU team... as I'm sure it has for most of you. I'd like to start off by thanking everyone involved in making ENSU events successful, we couldn't have accomplished anything without you! Our main purpose this year was to get ENSU and the University of Toronto involved in doing something environmentally significant and what we decided to do was put on an eco-fashion show. The preparations were trying and the show was unbelievably crazy, but what an event! The designs were fantastic, the models were awesome and the turnout was better than we had ever imagined. We had representatives from many U of T environmental groups, which was great since part of ENSU's mandate this year was to help promote unity between the environmental student groups at U of T. ENSU represents all environmental students at U of T and welcomes anybody and everybody interested in making a difference on campus. Our executive elections are coming up soon so please think about applying for one of the executive positions offered in the 2005-6 school year. We need lots of fun, dedicated and energetic people to keep ENSU going next year. Thanks again to everyone involved in, who supported, and who attended, our events. Until next year, have a great summer!

A positive-adjective laden review of the year

Brought to you by Jacky Sin of ICSS

We hope this year you have noticed ICSS's incessant emails of encouragement for people to come to Innis College events. While we're still one of the smallest colleges on campus, we've done a few things we hope you would be boastful about. This year the ICSS has facilitated Innis students' participation in intramural sports and serious ass kicking at the UT games; we organized a fantastic formal at the Design Exchange, and two jumping pub nights. We're in the process of wrapping up a fashion show for charity, raised \$2000 for Tsunami relief in one night, started a volunteer program at Regent Park and we are also designing a photo book to put these accomplishments and good times in print.

Behind the scenes this year, members of the ICSS organized a truly positive-adjective laden frosh week and summer campus tour. Student leaders from this college have also played a pivotal role in the workings of the College Council, making sure students' voices were heard on the bursary committees, residence committees, and with regards to college affairs, college renovations, and its academic programs. This year, students also played a huge part in drafting the college's Rae Review response, arguing for better accessibility to university education, more money for non-academic programs and an improved student financial system.

As Principal Cunningham is retiring from his position this year, students are also getting involved in helping to find his successor. Truly, one of the most awesome things about this college is how much students have a say in every facet of Innis' happenings. Next year will be a fantastic opportunity to continue that student/admin/faculty co-operation. As the new principal builds on all the great things Principal Cunningham has done, we hope that all of you will step up and play a part in shaping College initiatives also.

The ICSS has made many important strides this year. But of course, what we have done requires upkeep, and we have to continuously work towards encouraging increased student involvement. I hope that no matter if you are a commuter, living near campus or on campus, you will have had come to at least one ICSS event this year (we still have a year end party planned!), and some of you will make the decision to get involved next year. From being members of one of the 3 (soon 4) student unions at the college, the College Council, intramural sports, frosh week, Innis Herald staff, or members of the ICSS government, every contribution is welcomed and gratefully appreciated.

Keep an eye out for the end of the year party, and best of luck with your exams!

The Innis Herald will be hosting its first-ever Herald Elections General Meeting in March. What does this meeting mean?

1. anyone who contributed in any way to the Herald this year gets to vote on each position, and all contributions are weighted equally in our one-vote parity system.
2. voting takes place at the meeting or during the three-hour block that will follow it a few days later.
3. anyone who contributed this year can run for a position, except that whoever runs for editor-in-chief must have held a position on the Herald Executive the previous year.
4. candidates must let the current editors-in-chief know of their intentions by midnight on March 30th: innis.herald@utoronto.ca
5. we need as many people at the meeting as possible so please make it a priority to show up.

The positions available are:

1. editors-in-chief (1 or 2)
2. associate editors (1 or 2)
3. film editor
4. internal officer
5. external officer
6. layout editor
7. commuter representative
8. ads and publicity representative

We will hold the meeting on Thursday March 31st at 8:00pm and then, on the following Friday April 1st and Monday April 4th, we will keep the Office open from 12pm - 3pm for people to come by and cast their ballots if they were unable to attend the General Meeting. Any comments/questions to info@innis Herald.tk

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Listen to...Real Radio

Sustainable Energy and How to Rock It Vanessa Meadu speaks out

The word 'sustainable' has been tossed around so much in recent years that we've become almost immune to it. Shell Oil brags about their commitment to sustainability, politicians claim they're committed to sustainability, and the media is always going on about sustainable development. The word has come to mean a whole lot of nothing. And yet, the concept behind it is a vital idea that is originating a lot of change, both locally and globally. UoT just officially launched their Sustainability Office, and will also be the venue for the 2nd annual Sustainable Energy Fair on March 30th.

So why does the concept of sustainability matter to anybody except trekkers? Our culture and civilization (that is, in the west) is founded on consumerism, an idea that really started to snowball post World War II. Consumerism necessarily means 'using', and often leads to 'using' up of resources, be they water, clean air, or oil. So sustainability, in a nutshell, is the idea of using what you need, in an efficient and minimally harmful way, that keeps in mind the needs of future generations. In the case of sustainable energy, this means moving away from non-renewable resources such as petroleum, and harnessing nature's own wind, solar and hydro power. It also means using what energy we have in an efficient manner, minimizing waste and unnecessary consumption.

The switch to sustainable energy will need some serious political commitment, but there are already some very basic actions that the every day consumer can do to make a difference.

For example, buying energy-efficient appliances, using low-flow showerheads and setting up a thermostat to lower your home's temperature when you're out or sleeping, all will have an impact on energy use. If the idea of helping the environment doesn't get you excited, you may be thrilled to learn you're actually saving money in the long run.

Students, however, don't usually own their homes, which means their priorities and choices will be different. Electric and gas bills are often included in rent, and tenants aren't responsible for buying energy efficient appliances, or even regulating the temperature in their own apartment. So what can we, as students, do, and how do we save money doing it? One easy and cost-saving way of drastically cutting energy use, as well as emissions is by taking transit, biking or walking. Granted the TTC is extremely expensive, and the metropass is rarely worth the investment. The TTC and SAC could really do something good if they imitate UBC's recent referendum to have a \$20 monthly levy for each student, that gives everybody unlimited access to transit year round. Back to my point, however, there are many small, daily choices you can make as a poor student, to minimize energy use and save money. Next time your lights burn out, buy low-wattage energy efficient light bulbs. They cost more upfront but last 10 times longer and save you money on electricity. Also, ride

your bike in the summer. Get over your fears of Toronto traffic, save money, get where you're going faster, and get a hot body in the meantime! Buy local produce, whenever possible. This eliminates the cost and pollution of shipping fruit and veggies from California or Israel, you'll be supporting local farms, plus the food will be way fresher and tastier. These are just a few of many ideas for making a difference.

At the UoT Sustainable Energy Fair, which takes place from 11-6, on Wednesday March 30th, you can learn much more about sustainable energy technologies, and what you can do to help. There will be demos of wind turbines and hybrid cars, interactive games, and sustainability-themed prizes like efficient light bulbs and fair-trade coffee. And look forward to a free sustainable lunch of veggie burgers cooked on

a solar-powered grill, topped with your favourite organic fixings! The fair will take place at the bottom of King's College Circle, just look for the big white tent. There will be a concurrent Sustainable Energy symposium with talks from researchers and students who are challenging the current technologies with wind, solar and hydrogen-powered concepts. Come out for a fun day of learning and free food, and help the environment in the process!

For more information about the Sustainable Energy Fair, visit <http://www.ele.utoronto.ca/sef>. To find out what UoT's Sustainability Office is doing for you, visit <http://www.sustainability.utoronto.ca/>.

...Also see Ad on Page 19

Here come the gardeners of UT Calvin Lo gets down and dirty

I'm just a normal UT student - I study hard (on special occasions), take my daily dose of coffee, and spend a good deal of my time in the dirt. Okay, well, perhaps this is not your typical student pastime - I'm a gardener. These are people you would not normally suspect of anything suspicious at all. There are no outward telltale signs, except the occasional dirt-under-fingernail phenotype. There is nothing out of the ordinary... and we are ordinary people, except that we spend a good time of our lives scurrying around plots of land and cultivating green things for enjoyment. The horror of it all - you have never imagined that such people exist. Surely not in today's civilized world - surely not in downtown Toronto! But yes, we do exist! Behold, for I am the messenger, and I come to the Herald with news of the gardeners of UT. Welcome to the Gardeners' Collective.

With the supermarket uprising, the general idea of growing one's own food has become obsolete. What used to be common knowledge to all people is now shrouded in mystery, its practitioners few and scattered. A lost art, gardening has become unfashionable, tossed carelessly aside along with grandma's old knickers. Gardening, however, has practical value, unlike your grandma's underpants (we hope).

Most dieticians note that it is generally unhealthy to consume a diet consisting purely of cup noodles, canned food, and preserved meats. One of the greatest benefits of gardening is the ability to grow your own herbs and vegetables, cheaply, and healthily. With gardening, not only do you A) Get a great tan, B) Get a great workout, C) Spend the days outside in the sun, but you also get a heart-warming feeling of success and accomplishment as you harvest your first pepper, or sink your teeth into that juicy lettuce you grew all by yourself. Your mother would be so proud.

People these days are quite notorious for trying to live a healthy life-style. In addition to the waves of tofu and organic peanut butter, organic vegetables have made an equal mark on the

health food industry. Unfortunately, organic vegetables are pricey, and most students cannot afford to dish out that extra 3 bucks to buy those organic tomatoes. Oftentimes, when it comes to choosing organic or inorganic, fingers halt indecisively, and eyes wander warily, eventually stopping at the stand of juicy, plump, "grade A US-import tomatoes," oozing their shiny redness. You sigh inwardly, grab a bag, and resign to the sneering red tomatoes. In your mind, organic gardening has always been the thought of slaving away in the sun. This doesn't sound pleasant, and thus, you choose to slave away in the comfort of your own home, washing the layers of pesticides off your vegetables.

But hark, what is this sound? Why, it's the clanging sound of shovels and watering pails, heralding the arrival of the UT Gardeners' Collective! You drop your knife and your sneering tomato falls to the ground with a sulky splat. As you stare in awe, the garden itself appears, a verdant forest of lush growth. Juicy sun-ripened tomatoes bursting with flavor hang over a bed of crisp, autumn lettuce, wet with dew. The smell of mint, sage and lavender hang suspended in the cool evening air. Next to you are sunflowers, radiating warmth, and welcoming you into the haven of life.

"It need not be this way," a voice says to you. "There is the path of gardening you can follow. Growing your own food is fun, educational, and you also have the opportunity to help others. Come on out and join us!"

You blink, and you're once again in your kitchen. Outside, snow lays thick on the ground, grey and black. Was it a dream? Flipping through the *Innis Herald*, your eye catches an article: "Here come the gardeners of UT." Oh the rapture. Your hand quickly jots down the number and contact information, and you decide that from this day onwards, you will transform into an organic gardener.

The path has been opened for you. The Gardeners' Collective at the University of Toronto is strong this year, start-

ing new seedlings for a bountiful vegetable harvest. Come out, change your life style, and make a difference. Food we grow is harvested, and a portion is donated to the food bank. We think everyone should have access to healthy food, and if you want to help us make this vision a reality, come on out!

The Gardeners' Collective office is located at 21 Sussex Avenue, room 510. For more information, visit our website at <http://sgc.sa.utoronto.ca/index.htm>, or email us at gardeners.collective@utoronto.ca. We hope you will grace us with your presence.

Sincerely yours,
Calvin Lo
GC Coordinator



Tea with the GG?

Former tour guide Sheryl McLaughlin defends the Rideau Hall staff

Personally, I would be thrilled to be invited to tea with the Governor General. I think that Adrienne Clarkson is a very intelligent, well-spoken and witty woman. She is doing a good job as governor general, signing bills into law, dissolving parliaments, greeting foreign dignitaries, bestowing honours on Canadians, travelling Canada, etc. She spends money, but she is Canada's acting head of state. It would be rather embarrassing if French President Jacques Chirac came to Canada and met his Canadian counterpart in her basement apartment for a dinner of Kraft Dinner and canned tuna. Rideau Hall, however, is definitely not a basement apartment; it is a beautiful home and a tourist attraction.

I have been to Rideau Hall many times, to attend various concerts in the summer, and to skate in the winter. I have even, like many grade 8 school classes from all over Canada, taken a tour.

Rideau Hall is where Adrienne Clarkson and her husband John Ralston Saul live and while I was on tour looking at the portrait of former Governor General Georges Vanier, Adrienne Clarkson arrived home. She stopped and greeted the group and then continued on her way. Many of the people in the group were interested in Canadian politics and in the history of Canada's Governors General and they asked pertinent, polite questions that did not get anyone kicked out of Rideau Hall.

Recently, a grade 8 group from John Dryden Public School did have to end their tour early and vacate the premises. The story goes that upon seeing the Governor General, Jeremy Patfield asked, "Is that the woman that spends the money on the Queen when she comes?" and that was enough for the tour guide to hustle the group away from the GG's presence and out

of the building. I have been a tour guide at Parliament Hill and at Vimy Ridge and it is normal to have some odd visitors as part of the tour group. There are unfortunately even groups entirely made up of rambunctious, disinterested, and disrespectful people, often school groups who have been shuffled from one historic site to the next all weekend and are getting a bit tired and bratty. It takes more than one impolite question, even when that question is asked in the presence of the acting head of state of Canada and lady of the house, for a tour guide to stop a tour and order a group to leave. In fact, I have never done that and the only person I know who has, did so because the group was loud, obnoxious, and inattentive and was making rude comments about the soldiers of the First World War.

Patfield's class had probably been touring politically and historically important sites of Ottawa all day, and the students were probably tired and bored. Most grade 8 students I know would rather be at the mall than at the Governor General's residence. So, here is the situation as I see it:

Patfield's entire group was not really interested and was not paying much attention to the guide; the students were loud talking to one another and were not very polite. They didn't really know much about what the Governor General does and were asking off topic questions. The guide was trying to keep

their attention, teach the students something and give a good tour, but it just was not working out. So the guide kept talking until this one kid asked his impertinent question and the guide was no longer willing to tolerate the group's behaviour. The group had been out of control since the tour started and the teachers just didn't seem to have the energy to get things to-

gether. The guide could not restrain the students' behaviour and after the flagrant disrespect shown by them, the guide, according to training, ended the tour and escorted the group out of the building. The teachers, after being asked to leave, were very embarrassed and apologised profusely to the guide and ensured that there would be disciplinary actions taken. The student was

suspended for being so rude and unruly. End of story.

Guides are reasonable people and have a pretty high tolerance for energetic groups and cheeky comments. Schools generally do not suspend students without grounds for doing so. This incident at Rideau Hall has gotten quite a bit of attention and now Patfield and his family get to go back for tea: a trip to Ottawa for tea as a punishment/reward for being rude. Hmm. As I said earlier, I would honestly love to have tea with the Governor General; I suppose all I have to do is disguise myself as a member of the Patfield family and join their tea party or win the Order of Canada.



Love Stinks

A personal essay by Peter Knegt

I am not bitter. Let me just get that out of the way now. I am certain anyone who reads what I am about to write will be tempted to shrug it off as the thought processes of a jilted, heartbroken cynic. But I promise you, despite my current status as a newly single and emotionally unstable bachelor, what follows is nothing but the simple truth.

I used to believe that the romantic goal of any reasonable person should be the monogamous, long-term relationship. It was through such a relationship that one would find the love, stability and companionship that is supposedly necessary for so-called "happiness". And just under two years ago, when I began what was to become my first serious relationship, I believed that I had achieved this goal.

Now I am obviously not an expert on human relationships. I am 21 years old, have been in one serious relationship, and have just over half a degree in cinema studies. But I feel that my analysis of my own experiences and the many experiences of my friends and acquaintances has given me enough credibility to warrant this essay. I mean, Carrie Bradshaw doesn't have a degree in psychology, and most of the female and gay population respect, if not worship, her opinion. And she's not even a real person.

Personally, I think "love" is just a word made up centuries ago to mask the truth behind romantic relationships. Not that the ideas behind the word don't exist in many forms. I love my mother. I love coffee. I love British television. But when it comes to romantic love, it's a little less clear. When we say "I love you", what we really mean is a combination of: "I want to have sex with you"; "I am emotionally dependent on you"; "I am comfortable with you"; "I enjoy your companionship"; and "I am scared to be without you". While many of these statements

hold considerable positive qualities, as most relationships progress, the negative slowly begins to destroy the positive. And what you are left with is a grand illusion of happiness, wherein you deny yourself the possibility that the bad outweighs the good.

There are rare occasions where I've come across people in which this is not the case, where they seem to honestly retain the good that comes with a fresh relationship. I personally am still skeptical that they're not just remarkable actors. But I haven't completely ruled out the possibility that they're not.

Over the past month, I've received a lot of advice and heard many stories about what it is to be in, and then out of, a serious relationship. Everyone has a different take on it, and no one experience is reflective of them all. But the happiest people are the ones that now look at romance differently. They don't take it too seriously. They don't look to another person to fulfill whatever void has been left in their psyche. Don't get me wrong - they still get around. But their relationships never

take control of their lives, and they always are completely capable of standing on their own two feet. These people understand the dangers of emotional dependency. They see how it can make people hurt, lost, needy, unproductive, or (gasp!) dreadfully boring.

So if you're in a long-term relationship and are uncertain of its worth, take an honest look at why you're there. Is it really because you "love" them, or is it because you're scared to be without them? Trust me, it won't be long before you realize you're better off - you just need to take a few risks. Oh, and if a certain ex-boyfriend of mine happens to be reading this, I just have one thing to say: I love you, please take me back...



The Nintendo From 1989

Matthew Lau reminisces



When I was 6 years old, I wanted a Nintendo. All my friends had it. I didn't. I wanted one, badly. When I was finally given money for it, however, for reasons I am now probably too depressed to understand, I somehow ended up deciding not to buy one. "I could save up the money instead", I thought, "and then I would be able to buy something else that is ten times as cool, something that would make me ten times as happy." Besides, if I forgot about video games for now and study really hard, I would get good grades, become successful, earn a lot of money, and then I would be able to play all the video games I want, forever." So study I did, and Nintendo I did without. I managed to convince myself, in the midst of a Nintendo-owning mass, that I could do better, that I would be the one who comes out laughing in the end. Watch, I thought, one day I will have all the Nintendo I ever need. Just wait 'til I save up one more dollar; just wait 'til I get one more A. Now I am 21 years old. The money I had saved at 6 was lost somewhere between groceries and new edition Psychology textbooks. Now my grades are nice, and my bank account is impressive. But now I don't want a Nintendo anymore. I can only remember myself wanting one, at 6 years old. Now I am making money faster than I can spend it. But now I also realize, no matter what I buy, I can no longer buy that Nintendo from 1989.

Got Hos?

Stephanie Silverman takes on Nelly

PIMP. What does this word mean to you? For some, it means everything that is wrong with our sexist, perverted, repressed and disrespectful shimmer of a society. For others, it means "green and gold: green for the money and gold for the money." (Don't get the reference? You aren't watching enough Hughes Brothers.) For one very special individual it means Positive. Intellectual. Motivated. Person. Who is the brainiac responsible for coining this interesting addition to our postmodern lexicon? Why, none other than that bandaged Dylan from the trenches of St Louis: Nelly. For some inconceivable reason, Nelly wanted to rescue the vernacular code for a man who sells women to horny people and associate affirmative attributes with it. This shouldn't come as such a surprise, however, because we are talking about the Wizard behind the most disgusting song and video to come out of mainstream hip hop in recent years: "Tip Drill". You don't have to believe me; listen to the words spit straight from this horse's mouth:



We throwin money in the air like we dont give a fuck / Lookin for a tipdrill, I mean a tipdrill / Now mama girl you gotta friend that dont mind joinin in / I'm a tipdrill, cause I'm a tipdrill / Now baby girl bring it over let me spit my pimpjuice / I need a tipdrill, I need a tipdrill / I said it ain't no fun less we all get some / I need a tipdrill, we need a tipdrill /

But wait: it gets better. Nelly recently announced that he would be awarding two "P.I.M.P." scholarships in the amount of \$5,000 to deserving individuals who live up to the adjectives haphazardly strung together to flesh out the new twenty-first century PIMP. Nelly's an equal opportunity carouser, however, because only one man and one lay-dee will be granted the privilege of studying under Nelly's PIMP-ecutorate guardian status. Ah, the full-circle irony of being paid to be a pimp would be quite delicious if it weren't so disturbing. Last time I checked, the ravages of living a life as a pimp or, worse yet, the property of a pimp, were terrible and correlative with poverty and hopelessness. Exploitation culture may have weaned too many boys with farfetched dreams of being a pimp but even Dolemite had his Queen Bee, and – just so you know – she was behind the entire operation because he was always in prison. One mustn't be entirely stuck in the mud inside popular culture. Indeed,

perhaps I should wake up to the assuredly harmless usage of the word in such MTV programs like, hmmm, "Pimp My Ride", and accept its full-scale entry as verbiage. Is context everything? Is context enough to explain our continuing cultural acquiescence to the objectification of women, and the resulting devastation of so many lives? When did we become so flippant about our word usage and forget that children listen to what we say and grow up to emulate their environments? Pimping and education should never be equated, not even casually and not ever by an influential rapper to who has the ears of many impressionable people (not only children). Education should be emancipated from this sludge and once again recast in its proper light as a saviour from pimps. Indeed, it is possible to argue that more education would mean fewer pimps and that would mean more Intellectual(s) to Motivate the Positive in many Persons, including actual pimps and prostitutes. I understand the sexual revolution changed notions of what is an acceptable day job and, moreover, I recognize that some people have to resort to selling themselves to pay for their education, but I think that a line must be drawn in music and in life. But the thing that pisses me off most about Nelly and his offensive and, frankly, hokey acronym is that it is just his attempt to rescue his failing energy drink line, Pimp Juice, from bankruptcy.



Think Twice Before Indulging Vaquas Shaikh serves up the facts

Which is the bigger killer – cancer or cardiovascular diseases? Most of us would say cancer due to its overrepresentation by the media. Every time we watch the news or read a magazine, we come across something about breast or prostate cancer. We underestimate the threat posed by cardiovascular diseases because we always hear about people that have recovered from heart attacks and strokes. We fail to realize that cardiovascular diseases afflict more people than cancer. Hence, by looking at the numbers, it is clear that the largest fraction of deaths each year is due to cardiovascular diseases.

According to Statistics Canada, the portion of people dying from cardiovascular diseases has been increasing over the generations. This trend is closely linked with our increasing dependence on junk food and sedentary lifestyle. Most of us (including myself) choose to drive rather than walk and take the elevator instead of the stairs. A large portion of our diet consists of chips, fried fast foods and carbonated beverages. As if all this wasn't enough to damage our health, stress further aggravates individuals. The amount of stress experienced by each generation is increasing as the demands of graduate schools and workplaces are escalating. In summary, all these factors make us highly susceptible to cardiovascular diseases.

Eating fatty foods and having an inactive lifestyle leads to obesity, which can cause atherosclerosis. Individuals with atherosclerosis have a buildup of fat on the inner walls of blood vessels. This constricts blood flow and eventually leads to tissue damage due to insufficient blood supply. If

this tissue happens to be the brain or heart, the individual would experience a stroke or heart attack. Unfortunately, atherosclerosis is not the only consequence of having an unhealthy diet; diabetes, high blood pressure and much other pathology occur concomitantly with atherosclerosis because of their causal relationships. For these reasons, they have all been placed under the generic category known commonly as cardiovascular diseases.

My goal is not to advocate, but rather to inform you of our deteriorating health and the consequences that will follow. I do not expect any reader of this to swear off fast food and become a fitness freak living off of only organic harley soup with ground pepper for taste. I do hope, however, that you will bring healthier changes into your lifestyle. A plan could be to add more fruits to snack sessions. Lunch could consist of a healthy and delicious roasted chicken breast sub with water instead of a cheeseburger with coke. And whenever possible, you walk or take the stairs. These little changes can accumulate to ensure a longer and healthier life.



Nice Guys Finish Last Josef Szende tells it like it is

For one reason or another, guys are constantly asking me how to rid themselves of the "nice guys finish last" phenomenon of courtship. This is what I tell them.

My experiences with this theme began with my Grade 8 crush. She had a "lover" (or the Grade 8 equivalent thereof) who constantly lambasted her with insults. I, of course, thought that I was the perfect feminist, respectful of women's rights. I thought he was a terrible person for insulting and mistreating her like that. Yet at the end of it all, she went for him and forgot about me.

Since then I've grown a bit. I've learned that it's in fact quite dangerous to have the attitude that asks, "Why doesn't she love me? I'm so nice and lovely but she doesn't give a hoot."

First, who in fact is being respectful between this unsavoury Don Juan and I? He treats women like soundboards for his insults and springboards for his ego. Yet I paint the woman as a perpetual victim who must be helplessly saved. Neither of us are doing this, or any theoretical woman, any favours.

Second, there is something to be said for differences colliding in a relationship – any relationship. I'm much more likely to hang out with someone who keeps arguing with me because of our fundamental differences than someone exactly like me who echoes all of my thoughts. Moreover, who has ever heard of sexual tension without any tension?

So let's accept the yin and yang theory of contrasting harmonies. How do I become Mr. "Super-sexy" Yin? Benchmark the complete works of Lao-tzu? I think it has more to do with being grounded in knowing who I am. If someone prods my fundamental values and I can't defend myself, who cares about my body image? As crazy as it sounds, it's probably best to build a life that I like and am comfortable with and see how the one I desire fits into that. Or if I'm really comfortable with myself, perhaps I don't need to at all.

Frankly, if I need someone else to make my life whole, I need to be less needy before anything's going to happen. It doesn't matter if I'm an asshole, a sweetheart, a Don Juan, or a feminist.

Why I am not a Marxist

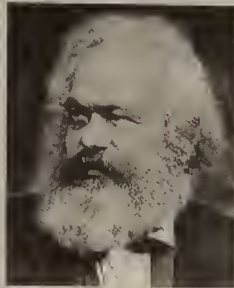
The Mysterious Iveniuk searches for an answer

Because Marxism is bullshit, not that that reflects on my opinion, mind you. Personally, I think Marxist communism isn't a bad idea. And I can't even say that it only works "on paper" since, in actuality, we've never seen it in reality at all. Russia was a very poor candidate for a Marxist revolution. Germany or England were much more likely, since they had the most appalling working conditions at the time that Marx was writing, as well as being the most industrialized. Remember, the whole concept was that market capitalism would reach a crescendo, and then plummet, and with the introduction of labour reform bills in most of the Western European countries, that crescendo was going to be a long time coming. The Russian Revolution was more of an anti-tsarist movement, with Marx for their brand name. Don't even talk to me about Stalin.

And as for China, forget it. Marx despised "Oriental Despotism," and even went so far as to say that the conquest of India by Britain was a step in the right direction, since those countries in the East would have to be fully industrialized before they could be made open to a communist revolution. The idea of a communist revolution in a country that still had an Emperor would probably never have seemed possible to him. So, one could claim that Marxism still has some gas in the tank, since nobody's ever really seen what it can do.

All the same, I am not a Marxist, largely because the movement has no future. The last century saw the threat of Communism turned into a huge threat for propaganda, and turned into an even greater joke by its corruption. Trying to find recruits for Marxism is thus, today, only slightly easier than trying to find recruits for Satanism.

All the same, I consider myself far more left-leaning than merely liberal, being not only an enthusiastic supporter of environmental protection, social services, and legalization of this and that, but also a believer that money is not a good thing — it's a bad friend, never around when I



need it. I am especially not convinced that democracy, as it exists today, is impossible to improve upon, since in its current form it's something that attracts missionaries to go to far-distant countries to try and impose it on people under the cover of altruism (I'll let you guess who I'm talking about).

But Marxism just won't do it for me. First of all, there's that whole "bullshit" thing. Second, there's the usual argument that if I have two pairs of shoes, and you have one, then Marxist communism simply cannot work. Now, while neither of those points makes complete sense to me, they are held by popular wisdom, enshrined in "common sense" and therefore unassailable.

Since I'm pretty far left — as far left as you can go before going right again — and Marxism just is not a viable option anymore, I need a new option. And coming up with a political movement on my own is probably going to be difficult.

All the same, it's not impossible, if a lot of us are trying to come up with it on our own. Something that we, as history is happening all around us, often fail to realize is that movements ("isms") have to start with a certain someone or someone having an idea, and whoever has the idea usually doesn't get credit for it, even if they do manage to change the world. Well, one "ism" is defunct now, but that's not to say that those in search of a better way to run their world have to give up. If we work for what we believe in, I'm sure we'll gain the blessing of being termed with an "ism" for our movement — hopefully avoiding the damning stigma of becoming a bad "ism," as has happened to Marxism.

And that's why I'm not a Marxist. No need to tie myself to a theory already viewed as defunct. Better to be one of many working towards the next one — whatever that may be. As history is happening around me, I can hardly find words to describe it.

Ten things I've learned this year that don't involve doing my own laundry

...Continued from Cover

You'll need your sweet, sweet memories of tanning in the UC courtyard when it's mid-March and you can barely walk 3 blocks without soaking your Converse sneakers in slush puddles, when all you can think about is the 4 upcoming essays you have to write — 1,500 words on an artist who bases an entire 5 part film series on the dissention of his own testicles. September is when University seems like "the time of your life" rather than "the worst thing that ever happened to me my god what am I doing with my life." If September were a fruit, it would be the newest, freshest grape on the vine of opportunity. If mid-March were a fruit, it would be a fuzzy raisin discovered behind your couch 4 months later that you may actually contemplate eating.

3) Find those 4 restaurants.

Strangely enough, when I feel like not eating out of a can for a change, I like to go out — and I advise everyone to find those 4 restaurants that are cheap, convenient, and reliable. Mine happen to be Sarah's Falafels on Bloor (hands down best falafels in the city and for 3.25 how can you go wrong?), New Generation for what my friend deems "budget sushi" (key information: get the box, more Japanese food than 5 sumo wrestlers could handle for a scant 8 dollars!), Future's Bakery which clearly has the best French toast/cake/hot bus boy in the Annex, and the old standby, Diablos for 90 cent coffee and really, really bizarre muffins. (True story: one carrot muffin begun with chocolate chips and ended with cream cheese — life is too short for unexciting muffins.) This may actually go for everything — find your 4 vintage shops, pizza parlors, record stores, bars that permit underage drinking. You'll need these standbys when your philosophy paper gets your down — and don't think it won't. Sometimes all you need to make a truly horrid day seem brighter is a decent almond croissant (Harbord Bakery) or ridiculously pretentious record store (Rotate This).

4) You honestly don't have to tell your parents *everything*. In fact, it's probably a better idea if you don't.

A cell phone conversation with parents goes astray: "What are you doing right now?" "Taking a walk down Yonge Street by myself at 11:30 at night". That, my friends, is clearly the wrong reply. Trust me, the right answer to any leading question is always "studying" or "writing an essay" even if you happen to be riding on the back of a Hell Angels motorcycle on the way to the Zanzibar. You know what your parents want most of all out of your first year? Evidence that the \$10,000 being spent isn't going to waste. So maybe the fact that one of your roommates got a super-cute lower back tattoo shouldn't be something that you share at Thanksgiving dinner. Tell your Mom about the 80 you got on that calculus quiz (hey with the bell curve, 65 is practically an 80 right?), talk about the museum exhibit that enriched your view on Modigliani. Key words to avoid: house party, birth control, live-in boyfriend. This is coming from a person whose mother gave a 20-minute lecture after I told her I was walking up the street to grab a carton of milk at 10 PM. Don't think of it as "lying" but as Locke says, "reaffirming the consequent". It's as much for your sake as it is theirs.

5) Pop yourself out of the residence bubble.

Believe it or not, one of the benefits of going to school in a "world class" city like Toronto (as opposed to say, Guelph or Hamilton) is the fact that you are actually living in Toronto. So why have I had weekends where I haven't been outside for more than 72 hours? Going to class, coming home, making yourself dinner, and going to bed (rinse, lather, repeat) takes its toll — especially when you realize that the highlight of your day may in fact be vacuuming your room. Go to a play, see a film, take a walk downtown, enjoy a bike ride through Little Italy. Experiencing the city is what makes going to school in Toronto worthwhile, if only for the stories you'll collect. Sure, use your Canadian Ivy-league educated brain — but more importantly, experience downtown Toronto stuff, so you can tell your friends back home self-importantly about the time Chinatown was selling live eels 5 for \$10. Now where can you get equitably priced eel in Whitby? Nowhere good.

6) You will become poorer than you ever thought imaginable.

And in downtown Toronto, this smarts a lot more than it does for my pals at Western. True with H&M opening its doors in October, and the trendy Queen West strip a 20-minute bike-ride away — maybe the old nickname of Chandler "Budget" Levack wasn't exactly in action — but I still feel that this is an eventual fact of life. As a university student you will eventually go broke, more broke than you could think possible. I'm talking about \$15.50 in the savings account, no fun for weeks, can't afford to replace a broken toothbrush. In one way it's glamorous ("I'm sacrificing oral hygiene for the pursuit of learning") but in other ways, it's just depressing, especially when you see Juicy Couture tracksuit twiddling her new iPod to your left. This is why I will have 3 part-time jobs this summer and no social life. This is why I exist on Equality bread and frozen pancakes. Living in Toronto is tough and expensive, even for the smallest things. Try the couches in the common rooms for loose change though, and know that "I'm a student" gets you a whole lot more free stuff (like pity!) than your degree ever could.

7) Try not to go crazy.

So you have five papers due in two weeks that you haven't started, the textbook you were supposed to finish months ago is gathering dust, and you have even less clue about your future than my uncle who used to be a rodeo clown. There are times when all that University stuff just begins to wear down, when the pressure begins to build, and the papers/weirdo TAs/classes begin to force something cruel and ugly out from deep inside. (WHAT THE HELL IS A SUBJECT POST?) What can I say, except that it will get better. You enrolled here for a reason, and sometimes you just have to tough it out. At the worst of times, this school can seem big and anonymous and overrated. You think you're the only one going through the stress and that it's never going to get better. Well, I have one piece of optimism: at least you're not an engineer. These students are so crazy they have their own separate faculty, and events where they can all be insane together to inexplicably dye themselves purple. Have you read the "Toke Oike"? Not even Elizabeth Taylor herself can surpass the insanity of your average Eng-Sci.

...Continued on Page 8

Hey Emm! Let's Get a Bit More Original Kaitlin Bardswich Reviews Emm Gryner's Newest CD

Emm Gryner. Heard of her? I hadn't. But apparently she's done a lot with her life so far. She has CDs going all the way back to 1995 (can you remember that year? I think I was eight), a DVD of her music, and even guest appearances on a couple of David Bowie albums.

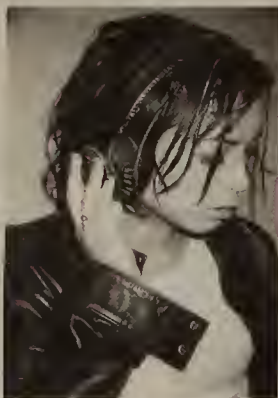
Pretty impressive.

Even fellow-Canadian Nelly Furtado listed one of Emm's albums, *Science Fair*, as one of her all-time favourites.

But we're getting off topic. I was recruited to review Emm's latest CD, entitled *Songs of Love and Death*, so this is what I shall do. Prepared? Good. Here it goes – insert dramatic drum roll music...or roll your eyes as the guy reading over your shoulder begins to hum a guitar riff in defiance.

I'm unsure. I like the music, but it's not anything spectacular. It's not life-altering, not "Hey-Mom-I'm-calling-for-the-first-time-since-Christmas-to-tell-you-about-this-new-artist-I've-discovered." But it's good. I'd give it 3 out of 5 stars (that would be 6 out of 10 for all those people who only understand those web "rate the movie" reviews).

Okay, so I'm assuming you want some reasons to go along with this seemingly arbitrary pulling-a-number-out-of-a-hat rating. Well, the first thing I noticed when I was listening to her music was the fact that she



produced the CD. Which seemed a little odd. But whatever, some people do that. Then, I was impressed by the fact that she plays a multitude of instruments for each song, as well as singing the tunes. An example would be the first song on the CD – "Forget Georgia" – for which she does vocals, guitars, piano, bass, drum machine, and claps. So, kudos to her. She certainly is talented, there's no doubt about that.

But I was looking for something more original. Though she recorded this album in 3 weeks time, which is impressive, every song is a remake of an already-recorded tune by contemporary Irish artists such as The Corrs and Gilbert O'Sullivan. As her official fan site boasts, "Hear for yourself as Ireland's formative pop, punk and goth songs are transformed into whispery suicide anthems, jangly toe-tappers and orchestral dreamscapes." That's great, but I personally prefer The Corrs' own version of "Breathless". I'm Irish and I'm all about the Irish music scene, but why not try some Irish-inspired original music rather than just re-formatting old songs?

But maybe that's just me. I'm sure there's many an Emm Gryner fan that would be willing to egg my car for saying what I'm saying (that is, if I had a car). I would recommend you check out Emm Gryner's music, because this girl does have talent. I'll certainly peruse some of her old albums in the hopes of finding some more original melodies.

Some Girls Jasmine Landau tries to understand why *All My Friends Are Going Death*



It's upsetting, really. What people have been saying to me all along about hardcore just might be true. Scratch beneath the artsy surface of pink album covers and fancy song titles and *hardcore* is nothing more than a torrent of angry noise, and not even *good* noise at that. Despite being comprised of members of Give Up the Ghost, the Locust, Unbroken and Tristeza, Some Girls ends up giving a fairly bland hardcore offering. Melodically boring and rhythmically mediocre, the album *All My Friends Are Going Death* is not quite what I'd expect from members of

other fairly progressive and interesting bands. It reminds me of those movies where the director has assembled an all-star cast only to throw it away on a terrible script. The album reeks of too much inbreeding within the hardcore scene – it's not like the guys from the Locust haven't already had 16 mediocre bands (not including Swing Kids, because they were amazing). Each song starts with some kind of feedback riff, and proceeds into a repetitive four-chord punk melody. These songs lack the hard and fast spazz-attack of the Locust, the melodic brilliance of Give Up the Ghost and the passion of Tristeza. The cover of Iggy Pop's "No Fun" is precisely that, and the vocals don't do much to redeem it either – stuck somewhere between a growl and a schoolgirl yell – making it pretty irritating to listen to. For this reviewer, vocals make or break a band, and in the case of Some Girls, they push this otherwise plain album off the fence and into the realm of "suck". I can now see why all their friends are "going death" – it's better than having to listen to this pathetic album.

Ten things I've learned this year

...Continued from Page 7

So when life seems to be getting rough, just walk past their buildings and think to yourself "well at least I'm not one of those guys", and get started on that 20-page paper on the French Revolution. Suckers.

8) "I have to accept that this just isn't my year".

Say it with me U of T: Boy. Girl. Hiatus. It's the only way to get through your first year with the maximum amount of grade point average and the minimum amount of tears. Ever wonder why U of T has the academic reputation it does while being consistently ranked in the top 10 of unhappiest students? It's not only the ugly library that causes such pain – it's the sexual repression. Still, if you choose to go down this road make sure – actually you should be giving me advice. Um, love is a battlefield?

9) It's not high school anymore.

The beautiful thing about university is that everything that made you uncool in high school (a love of reading, liking art films, being smart) is a perfect asset on campus. The fact is, absolutely no one in university is going to love you the way your high school English teacher did – and at this school, everyone sitting next to you in Con Hall was just as much of an over-achiever as you were. Still, in a way that's almost nice. This environment allows you to step outside your normal social constraints and befriend all the people that mean girl who smoked cigarettes on school property wouldn't let you hang out with. So far this year I have proudly attended a Star Wars Dance Party, and entertained several conversations on the beauty of magic Cards, prog-rock, and bioethics – and these are some of the better moments I've experienced.

What I think I like best about university is the opportunity it gives you to step outside your own past judgments, the ability it gives you to grow into the kind of person you want to be, rather than who you projected yourself as in Grade 12. You get to discover who you really are by meeting a whole range of people, and best of

all you get to choose your own friends, rather than associating with the same people you've spent the majority of your adolescence with. Suddenly things you didn't want to admit (yes I was president of the AV club, I do play the trumpet, I did buy this shirt second-hand) become things you want to contribute. And that's a beautiful thing. I'd like to think that university is for everyone who in Grade 11 was afraid to admit that they'd rather read a book than get drunk. But of course, prom queens have to learn too.

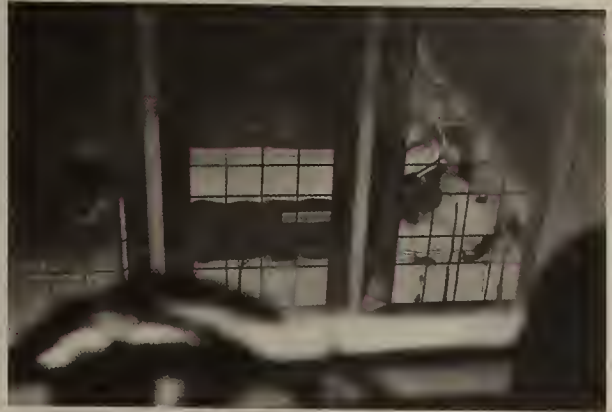
10) Everything changes – and that's a good thing.

Hey, if anything – after all the money I've spent this year (some of it on really great clothes though), after the scar I got on my lower stomach from accidentally pouring a whole pot of boiling water onto my top, after all the lectures and missed classes and seminar discussions – at least I can say satisfactorily that I am not the same person I was when my family sedan slowly crept up St. George and I tearfully confessed that I was afraid that I wasn't going to make any friends. I've made it through, meeting a lot of great people to boot. I've read Plato's Republic; I've effectively analyzed the formal properties of Citizen Kane. And, after all the incessant fantasies of what I thought University life would be like, after all the hair pulling and nail biting and guidance appointments – how did it live up to my (always) overreaching expectations? Now that I think about it all: pretty damn closely.

PS: I have lost my childhood teddy bear Lawrence, whom I have had since before I was born somewhere in the vicinity of the Innis Residence. Lawrence was last seen wearing a red sweater reading "Believe", and has brown fur. If anyone is aware of his whereabouts, please feel free to email the Innis Herald at submit@innisberald.ca. Any information will be generously rewarded – with instant oatmeal packets in both the peaches and cream and maple sugar variety. Tbank you very much and see you next year Herald!

Untitled by Joshua Pineda

bathed in the half-light
of the silky jungle's gloaming
the half-light of breaths and rustles
breaths and whispers
his mouth pressed to her ear
whispering mellifluous yearnings
those pleas, once silent,
now unloosed
pleas to follow him
down the broad, beaten path
to the nowhere
where the trees
bear golden fruit
the overripe promise
a promise to please
pleas to surrender
surrender to him
piece by piece
pleas to please
"please baby, please"
while she whispers
"for shame poppi
poppi for shame"



The weather and the walls by Jennifer Charles

I have lots of little boxes
And I'd like to put them on display
A multiplicity of voids within a vacuum
May have a layering effect,
Perhaps soften these relentless walls
Because the world is outlined in black today
And tomorrow I'm sure to miss a blue one
While I'm in my dark green box with the blinds shut
Wishing you and I were as thick as trees.

Surmise by Janice Chu

It's tragic how we stand so close together
Yet speak so far apart
It hurts to know that we have so much to say
Yet separate ourselves with fear
It's funny how you wrote me a note
And I wrote you the same note,
But mine with my name signed on the bottom
Attached with a little bit more consolation
It can't be true that you looked right into my eyes
While you held my hand longer than I expected you to
I can't be sure if I told you I felt sad
And you shunned me suddenly by
Saying so severely that you don't care
Sensing how you forgot all about being
So sad alone in autumn





limited colour by Kaitlin Bardswich

it's so hard,
the sobbing,
like i'm trying to get the sadness
but it won't budge.
like the stubborn teenager i'm supposed to be,
but haven't been
at least not since Death entered
my world.

il n'y a pas de couleur maintenant.
that's the phrase that circles in my head
over
and
over
and over again.
like a melodic funeral chant.
sporadic are my thoughts
as i fall into a restless
sleep.
of nightmares disguised as past dreams.
and i remember that
sometimes,
sometimes...
sometimes i cry tears of amber.

Traces of tragic myth in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Joshua Pineda

She stands
At the threshold
Of the forest
An expectant gaze
Inutile hopes
Residue of her lover's words
Carried through nights and
Whispered through walls
The cracks of a love still born

(She bears an asphodel
Flower of the dead
The future's only promise.
There will be no fairy magic this night
No comic intervention
No play for the rude mechanicals)
These moments are the threshold
Ends of all bliss
Before the madness
And the lion
And the mulberry bush



Glass Waste by Alex Rotstein

My breath
Bellows soundlessly across the grass
Slithers, motionless, across the sharpness of the field.
Writhing in frustration,
The wind moans through my consciousness
As I lay, wide awake,
Waiting for my demons to
Wake me,
Overtake me.

Crouched in the back of the trees in my mind
Tunneling through to the surface of the planet,
The lightning erupts from my head and
Makes my hair stand on end like
Snakes, poisonous, soft
Defanged and pretty, entirely useless as they dance
To the grotesque turpitude of silence,
The impotent noiselessness of nothing to say.
I have said everything and left pieces of me shattered at your feet.



Creation According to Darwin

Joshua Pineda

The Englishman sits
On a food-court bench
Cross-legged, packing away
The nib pen and notebook
His sketches of finches
And papers on the depth of time
Happily viewing the crowds of shoppers

He has explained it all
Unveiled the last mystery
Rendering the world immodest
Obscene
Leaving Gods and Devils alike
Scattered in his wake

He waits
And watches
As we all become apelike
Simian and luminescent forms
Roving in troops
Bathed in the pastel-hued kitsch
Of our preposterous neon landscape



This photo by Stephanie Silverman

Untitled

by Jennifer Charles

Brittle plastic cackles
Scuttle into corners
And cower in collective secrecy
Pointing long, thin fingers
Toward a whisper
Frail and silvery

Disoriented

By Janice Chu

Crying out for you
And finding it hard to deal with my senses
Cuts— why not, they will never know
Or intimately care
And they will always turn away and think
Of you as one more moronic fool

In hope, in vain, in dreadful shame
In lines that run on forever
Without any residing destination
Unfortunate
Misplaced
Yet in awe

Arms around and touching
Closed eyes and dreaming
Pretending only is better
Reality too ugly
And it seems too slow

Renew somehow for relief
Sores upon the next door that opens
This time tears are big, like thick
Red ink that is too used
For anything but your love

False heart with breathing
Beating and nothing else
Thinking that it would be easy enough to move
On from smoke
Paralyzed in something that was thought
Already escaped

Passing

by Janice Chu

I've grown innocently enough not to care
Any longer for the sailboats that pass by my window
I love so much
When will I be aware of something else, or at most with another?
Left behind once more in the condition of visionary contentment
Waves hello and in the end faces nearly touch stillness seen today
Now its torturous pain of the swelling goodbye
Knowing that never will it happen with enough to actually feel
Delivers a fake note between the sheets and hardcover books
Notice the way he smiles and creates an expression for his words
All too far on the other side of the glass
I reach out for just a moment



An Evening With Jasper Flat Carly T.W. Chemyse interviews the fabled Innis band

"I wrote this one in the shower," the voice on the microphone echoes through sporadic audience cheers. "I ran through the house in the nude with suds in my hair to get to a guitar." This doesn't happen daily, but the song writing does. The voice belongs to a pale looking, twenty-year old holding a white Fender imitation guitar. To his right, stands a taller, sturdier fellow with a similar guitar, a real Fender (Mexican). I am watching a video rendition of *Temptations* on my computer, taped live in October at *The Arbor Room*. The members of Toronto's *Jasper Flat* have experienced what they call 'a measure of success'. The band has officially recorded zero of their catalogue of umpteen originals within a professional studio setting. However, the music is still getting out. Some of this is attributed to small samples of fan favourites on the band's website www.jasperflat.com; the rest, according to bassist Bryan Hanas, "Is the audience."

Jasper Flat has seen quite the variety of audiences. Beginning in fifty-percent of the band's hometown of Alliston, Ontario, they have played dive bars, high schools and family functions. "I played a birthday party once because of the band," recalls lyricist/guitarist Wesley McCarthy, "I was at work selling sunglasses at the time, and a customer asked me why I had three fingernails painted. I told her that I was in a band and

we had played a show the night before. We ended up getting into a dispute over the price of a pair of glasses she wanted. I told her that I would sing her a song if she would pay my price. She agreed so I sang her *Boss DJ* by Sublime. Not only did she buy the glasses, but she and her husband asked if I would play for their daughter's birthday. I said yes right away of course, then asked how old she was turning. They said they said she would be 'turning five next month'. I played *Frère Jacques* about five times. And *The Cat Came Back*. It was a killer party let me tell you."

The birthday party offers stopped coming in, but the band moved along to their post as House Band at *Williams Coffee Pub* in Barrie, Ontario. The audiences grew over the band's months there, and sang along with the lyrics and bass fills during acoustic versions of *Special Spots*, *Crap It Up*, and usual crowd favourite *Temptations*. Continuing ahead with a volley of shows, singer/guitarist Wes McCarthy headlined an evening on College St. at *The Free Times Café*. The band made appearances at the fabled *Innis Residence Open Mic*. They were winners of three consecutive *Battle of the Bands* competitions throughout the city (Toronto's *Club Rockit*, Hart House's *The Arbor Room* and U of T's annual *Varsity Stadium Homecoming BOTB*).

"We love playing live most", says Bassist Bryan

Hanas. However, "This isn't enough. Those website samples," he trails off and regains his composure. "We have been recording with [the drummer] Mike's mini disc and a Sony condenser mic. All one-takes, no multi-tracking, just the band depending on each other." "It has been a kind of rough, Tom Waitsian outlook," says Lyricist/Guitarist Wesley McCarthy, "We play everything we are able, record it all in one big room and do it again if we have to." adds Hanas, "It was kind of a gamble to put this kind of stuff on the website because it's far from studio quality. I talked to Wes, we tossed around the idea as a band, and we decided that a *sub-par something* is better than a *high-quality nothing*" (I have downloaded the samples and no, they are not high-quality and not really representative of the band's talent. But the people I have talked to all say they will take what they can get.)

The band's future is looking more than optimistic. Aside from playing a hit show at the KA Fraternity on March 5th, the band will make an appearance at the Innis Fashion Show on March 13th. Drummer Michael "Kicks" Thomson has become increasingly dedicated to the Jasper Flat cause as of late: his 'ex-bandmates' in *The Mourning After* (Mike's side project) are "mourning" after Mike decided to quit the band. "Its not that my old band wasn't talented, it's just that, well...ok so they were not really talented at all.

...Continued on Page 15

Not Just Another U.K. Rock Band Michael Decicco on Kasabian's self-titled debut album

Kasabian hails from Leicester, England, but is not just another U.K. rock band. Named after Charles Manson's getaway driver Linda Kasabian, the band creates a sound that is quite unique. Front man Tom Meighan provides harmonious vocals that compliment the upbeat electronic compositions.

After a quick listen I didn't think much of the band. They seemed like a typical band out of the emerging U.K. pop/rock scene. Listening more carefully, I realized the disk was much better than I originally thought. Akin to one of my favorite artists, DJ Shadow, the electronic dub beats are prevalent, escalating as the album progresses.

The first half of the album is saturated with fast-paced catchy tracks that are rather simple, while the latter half draws more on the electronic element of the group as the ambient synth washes are heard in the background. I personally prefer the second half, where the band lyrically resembles Chris Corner of *Sneaker Pimps* and musically parallels a hybrid of *Garbage* and *Radiohead*.

Kasabian unquestionably delivers a concrete debut album that will acquire major media attention. The first single, "Club Foot," already has a video airing on MTV and the debut went Top 5 on the U.K.'s album chart. The album becomes available on March 8 in the U.S. and is already regularly priced in Canada. Expect to hear the name Kasabian frequently in the near future as they receive more North American exposure.



T Cells/Fast Forward Split Jasmine Landau investigates another Three-One-G mystery

T Cells and Fast Forward put together their demos to create this unnamed split CD. It came in the form of two 3-inch CDs, including the typically strange artwork for which San Diego label 31g's bands are notorious. Every time I hear another 31g release, my opinion of them gets a little more skewed – and this offering wasn't much help. The T Cells side starts off with "Deformed", a quiet song with phased vocals over minimal and warbling beats. It has a kind of subliminal attractive force, as does the whole of the demo. The second track, "Finger in the Socket" is a little faster, but just as warbley and weird. It vaguely reminds me of the Faint's *Dance Macabre* mixed with lo-fi Add N to (X) ... with maybe a Jello mold for good measure. Following tracks are slightly dancy but retain that weird phased effect and scatterly home-made beats.

Fast Forward had already released this demo in 2001 under the name *Live In Afrika*, and their side is way more upbeat and together. It impressed me right off the bat with cohesive melody and interesting dual vocals hidden beneath the

electronic melody. The songs continue to remain on the lo-fi side of electronic dance, but are interesting to listen to and seem to convey a point about racial conflict in the modern world. Not unlike a tamer *Primal Scream*, it's interesting trying

to distinguish the different layers that are added to each song. Fast Forward seems to have much more to express, incorporating electronic blast-beats and reverse-looped vocals into the experimental spree.

This entire album seems to be directed towards what grind musicians will do when experimenting with early dance music machines – they'll mash sound down into the same primal form as other groups and keep it lo-fi as hell. The Fast Forward side of this split was far more enjoyable than the T Cells side which slid along through barren song ideas and never surfaced

from the nonsense. 31g continues to put out solid albums alongside weird ones, experimental hardcore alongside funny noise punk. It only makes one wonder what they'll think of next.



Nine Short Paragraphs About Don McKellar

...Continued from Cover

Despite being just 4 credits short of graduation, McKellar left U of T to pursue a theatre career as a playwright and actor.

McKellar's talents eventually came to the attention of director Bruce McDonald, who lured the young thespian into the realm of Canadian cinema. McKellar wrote the screenplay for McDonald's 1989 film *Roadkill*, and also hilariously portrayed Russell, the would-be Canadian home-grown serial killer. Clever and highly entertaining despite its small budget, *Roadkill* won the Toronto-CityTV award for Best Canadian Feature, and earned McKellar Genie nominations for Best Screenwriter and Best Supporting Actor. McKellar soon collaborated with McDonald again for his 1991 film, *Highway 61*, for which he both wrote the screenplay and acted in the starring role as Pokey Jones, the charismatic barber. The McKellar-McDonald combination delivered yet another witty and humorous movie, and McKellar received Genie nominations for Best Screenwriter and Best Actor. The Torontonians' entry into Canadian cinema was an unqualified success.

Since then, McKellar has become a seemingly ubiquitous fixture on the Canadian movie scene. Director Peter Lynch describes McKellar as "a multi-task oriented guy with so many projects on the go that it's mind-boggling." Indeed, it is difficult to find significant people in Canadian film with whom McKellar *hasn't* worked. After appearing as Tyler, the young censor, in Atom Egoyan's 1991 film *The Adjuster*, McKellar returned in the more substantial role as gay pet-shop owner Thomas Pinto in Egoyan's incredible 1994 film, *Exotica*. McKellar's subtle performance in Egoyan's tale of intimacy, pain and loss earned him a well-deserved Genie Award for Best Supporting Actor. McKellar also portrayed the world's greatest game-designer in David Cronenberg's 1999 film *eXistenZ*, easily out-acting Hollywood pretty-boy Jude Law in the process.

One of McKellar's most fruitful collaborations has, undoubtedly, been with Quebecois director François Girard. McKellar wrote the screenplay for Girard's brilliant 1993 film, *Thirty-Two Short Films About Glenn Gould*, a script that he seemed

destined to write. "While my friends were listening to Pink Floyd," McKellar told *Take One* magazine, "I was in my basement, stoned, listening to Glenn Gould with the lights off."

Beyond winning numerous awards, *Short Films* was given the rare and prestigious honour of being parodied by an episode of *The Simpsons* (in one of the few funny episodes of the later seasons). Girard employed McKellar's screenwriting talents once again for his excellent, Academy Award winning 1998 film, *The Red Violin*. The film traces an acoustically perfect violin from its origins in Cremona, Italy, in 1683, to its sale at an auction in Montreal in the present, detailing its journey through Vienna, Oxford, and Shanghai along the way. McKellar portrays a Canadian antique expert, and acquires himself quite ably alongside his American counterpart, Samuel L. Jackson. When asked whether he felt intimidated by the fact that *The Red Violin* was playing on the same night as *Saving Private Ryan*, McKellar could only shrug: "He's fairly well known, this Steven Spielberg character."

Recently McKellar has emerged as a filmmaker in his own right. His 1998 directorial debut, *Last Night*, a funny but also very deep and evocative film about the end of the world, won widespread international acclaim, winning the Prix de la Jeunesse at the Cannes Film Festival and the Claude Jutra Award at the Genies. Whereas other films about a nearing apocalypse deal with the issue in insipid or violent manners (*Armageddon* would seem to be the most horrendous offender), the world's end draws everyone's relationships into focus in McKellar's film. McKellar plays the lead role as Patrick, a widower who wishes to die alone while thinking of his wife and listening to music that holds symbolic importance to him. His plans are, however, unexpectedly complicated by his encounter with a stranded woman, played by Sandra Oh of *Sideways* fame,

who desperately seeks to reunite with her husband (acted by no less than David Cronenberg). All of the film's characters react differently to their impending death; one of Patrick's friends spends his final hours with numerous paramours, arguing wryly that, "if you're going to be going, you might as well be coming." Despite its darkly comedic aspects, however, *Last Night* seems to be a fairly serious and very compelling examination of human relationships.

McKellar's second and most recent film, *Childstar*, was first screened at the 2004 Toronto International Film Festival, and was released into theatres in January of this year. The film follows the events surrounding a young American child actor, Taylor Brandon Burns, who arrives in Canada, ironically enough, to shoot a "patriotic as shit" Hollywood action film entitled *The First Son*. Burns soon meets Rick Schiller, a struggling Canadian filmmaker and limo-driver, portrayed by McKellar, and their lives become intertwined for the duration for the film's production. Jennifer Jason Leigh appears as Burns' parasitic mother, while Dave Foley delivers a hilarious performance as the film's cynical producer. Boasting a diabolically witty script and a cleverly cheeky directing style, *Childstar* is ultimately a biting satire of American popular culture, which willfully sacrifices the lives of children — purportedly its most precious resource — for the sake of its entertainment.

As a final note, McKellar can also be seen on television. His collaboration with Bruce McDonald in 1998 and 2000 produced two seasons of the cult classic CBC television series *Twit City*, which one Australian film critic even named the greatest television show of all time. Political junkies (such as myself) will recognize McKellar as one of the Prime Minister's top advisors from the CBC mini-series, *Trudeau*. More recently, McKellar's bombastic performance as a pretentious theatre director brings some much-needed relief from Paul Gross' atrocious acting in Showcase's *Slings and Arrows*. McKellar is also working on a screen adaptation of Jose Saramago's Nobel Prize winning novel *Blindness*. On behalf of the Innis Herald, I would like to wish the best of luck to our screenwriter-in-residence in all of his future endeavors.



Cuff the Duke

Rachel Farquharson on *Life Stories for Minimum Wage*



Don't you love success stories of townies making it in the big city? Cuff the Duke (CTD), straight out of the backstreets of Oshawa, Ontario, is the result of just one of those stories. At first listen, lead singer Wayne Petti's voice has an air of Thom Yorke-esque style about it. In fact, I would have described CTD as a melange of Radiohead vocals and The Sadies beats had I not listened to the album half a dozen times before writing this review. The four boys from CTD actually have a distinct sound that is quite refreshing and earnest, with mere hints of bands like The Skydivers, The Sadies and a tiny bit of early Radiohead. Although the band might do well to incorporate a little more content into their lyrics, the melodies are well composed and easy to sing along to, whether chilling at the library or making fart bubbles in the bath at home (I know you all do it). CTD's debut album, *Life Stories for Minimum Wage*, reminded me immediately of the 2004 Indie film, *Garden State*, because it is clear that the theme of both is a sort of nostalgia reached when one has left home, only to return and find that things

will never be the same. This emotion-let's call it regretful wistfulness - is probably something that most of the twenty-somethings at U of T can relate to. Luckily, instead of taking our restlessness out on our roommates or significant others, we can be comforted in the fact that someone else has vocalized our twenty-year-old frustrations for us.

CTD performed recently in Ottawa with The Frontier Index, another up and coming indie band that I have had the pleasure seeing in concert. For now, both bands are working on pulling together Canadian tours, which means that you will most likely have an opportunity to check out Canadian talent very soon. CTD is also putting out a second record this year, probably within the next two months. So, if you would like to give this band a go, I recommend going to their website: www.cufftheduke.com, and having a listen to one of their tracks (Hobo Night Stalker is good for a first taste of CTD). Keep an eye out for this promising band in the near future, because Canadians have a lot to say, and young Canadians have even more.

Shakespeare in Legwarmers

Christine Creighton reviews *A Midsummer Night's Dream... with a Rockin' 80s Theme*

When Shakespeare wrote *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, he probably didn't expect it to be performed in tiger-striped sweater-dresses, plastic bangles, ripped jeans and sneakers. Nonetheless, In the Moment Productions' rendition of the play took Shakespeare's comedic flare and added its own 1980s twist.

I'm not going to lie, I was a little skeptical about seeing a Shakespearean play enacted to the sounds of *Purple Rain* and *99 Luftballons*. But from the moment the fair Hippolyta walked on stage in her red minidress, dragging on a cigarette, I was strangely intrigued for

reasons that I couldn't quite identify. The next scene only furthered my enthusiasm, when a tattooed, pierced, and half-naked Oberon emerged on the set. I suddenly began to feel optimistic... is everyone this inspired by Shakespeare?

The script remained unchanged, with the exception of the occasional hip-hop intrusion from The Mechanicals and some modern ad-libbing (Hermia: I'm saving myself for marriage, dumbass). Ericka Skirpan's direction emphasized the wide humour of the text, and the acting was of such a caliber that a sophisticated set and lavish props were unnecessary.

Maybe Shakespeare wouldn't agree with me, but despite the outrageous '80s theme, this production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* seemed to capture its purpose. Normally I wouldn't advocate an '80s revival, but in this case I'll make an exception.



McEnroe and Birdapres, *Nothing Is Cool* Ryan Hardy gives a double thumbs down

The other day I joked to my brother that I should apply to be the token white member of Dipset. He didn't even laugh: "They'd never let a white guy in; that'd be terrible."

Viewed in the light of our post-Co Flow, post-Eminem, post-Jentiana age, my brother's remark could seem narrow-minded, or "ig'nant," racist, even. Doesn't he know that the dark days of Vanilla Ice are behind us? Nowadays rap music is a glorious worldwide party in which all races, creeds, and genders unite to celebrate the mythical "Four Elements" of hip-hop.

Fuck that. After listening to *Nothing Is Cool*, yet another release from Canada's Peanuts and Corn label (remember Josh Martinez? Fermented Repulse? No?), I'm more inclined to agree with my brother than ever. The white man has lost his right to get on the mic. We can thank McEnroe and Birdapres for finally pushing white men over the edge (well, technically, I'd blame Northern State, but they're gish).

How did they do it? They began with a serious lack of skill. Both McEnroe and Birdapres rap slowly, as if they are

reading their lines off of a teleprompter. Not only does this help create a clichéd throwback vibe I could do without, and have been doing without since before the days of Ugly Duckling, it forces the listener to pay attention to what's being said. This is problematic. There are rappers who can get away with limited content because they have great flow (Jim Jones springs to mind), a lot of charisma (Trick Daddy), or just good beats (Guru). Unfortunately, McEnroe and Birdapres are just two Canadian nerds with a serious Buck 65 fetish.

The less-than-dynamic duo also make their own beats, and unfortunately aren't talented in that arena either. The only pleasure one could possibly derive from listening to this exercise in mediocrity comes from picking out the really terrible lines, like "known crooks always givin' me stoned looks/Still trying to find John Smith [one of their Peanuts and Corn cohorts with an appropriately bland name] in the phonebook." It's funny because it's true, you see. More than anything, McEnroe and Birdapres are simply two guys who never should've taken up rhyming; some people have voices that are suited to rapping, and some people don't. These two don't.



The Waking Eyes Michael Decicco on *Video Sound*



As I sit here writing this review and listening to The Waking Eyes' second album, I wonder where I have been. I remember hearing the single "Watch Your Money" on the radio and thinking nothing of it. Now that I have the album, I realize what I have been missing.

Video Sound is an excellent album from start to finish as The Waking Eyes produce genuine rock and roll. Founding members Matt Peters and Myron Schulz formed the group because of the coincidental break up of each of their respective bands. Independently producing their first album, *Love and War*, the Winniepeggers drew critical acclaim from the indie music scene.

From the hit track "Watch Your Money" to my personal favorite "Takin' the Hard Way," this album is incredible. The band draws on sounds from the Beatles and Pink Floyd as well as adding a very distinctive touch. *Video Sound* flawlessly progresses as the band becomes experimental without sounding discordant. In addition to the usual guitar, drums and vocals, the band utilizes a keyboard and horns in many of their tracks, reminiscent of the well known group Cuke.

I could write about The Waking Eyes for much longer but I would rather return to listening to the album. If you are a rock fan, starving for something new, but are tired of listening to many of the modern bands that border various genres, I highly recommend you give this album a listen; you definitely won't regret it.

What I did on a Saturday Night in Windsor The Adventures of David Marchese

We went inside the first strip club we saw. The music was loud. Depeche Mode was playing as young men and women of all colours watched the naked women of all colours dance. Progress is sweet.

Sitting by the stage, mandatory drink in my hand, I made eye contact with a young blonde girl and waved her over. She was there to celebrate a friend's birthday. I hit on her, but lost my conversational mojo when she said she hated A-rabs. She was an American girl - raised on promises.

My friends Sean and Jeremy were the first to go for private dances. I was hesitant. Is there anything more emasculating than a lap dance? Is there ever a larger concentration of useless erections than at a strip club? A beautiful woman writhes in your lap, and all you do is sit there and hope the song that's playing is a long one. She finishes; you don't; you hand her twenty bucks and it's over.

Then I saw her.

The dancer, her skin the colour of the no-fat, no-foam,

two sweetener decaf latte I always order at Starbucks, waited for Sean and his woman to leave and led me into her private booth. Our eyes met and she began to do her thing. I slid my hand along the impossibly smooth skin of her thigh and she leaned in, her breasts inches from my face. She shifted her weight on my lap, and I felt her warm breath on my ear as she firmly said, "you're not allowed to touch." After the dance was done I asked her what it would take for me to sleep with her. She said we'd have to have met somewhere else. Good answer - damn good. She made me want to be a better man.

Outside the strip club, there were bloody young men, pizza, pitas, cops and cabs. Groups of girls walked quickly past groups of boys, all out to attract each other, all too afraid to find out what might happen if they actually did. My friends and I went back to the place we were staying and watched some TV before we fell asleep. Windsor is an interesting place to spend 80 bucks.

I don't get these guys

Joshua Pineda delves into the mystery of "Burn Rome in a Dream"

On first inspecting the CD case of the new Burn Rome in a Dream album, *True if Destroyed, True if not Destroyed*, I was immediately struck with the mysteriousness of the album's cover picture (it appears to be some sort of enigmatic tree). In addition I was baffled by the extraordinarily large words and paradoxical phrases (such as "the band's simultaneous complexity and clarity is elegantly articulated in *City of Millions*"), used in the press pack to describe the songs on the album. Desperate to unravel the secrets of Burn Rome in a Dream, I quickly popped the CD into the player, sat back and relaxed.

To my pleasant surprise, the enigmatic *True if Destroyed, True if not Destroyed* turns out to be a wonderful listening experience. Burn Rome in a Dream (composed of local indie stars from bands such as Sea Snakes, the Jim Guthrie band, and Rocket's Red Glare) create

finely crafted, delicate, instrumental pieces by weaving together disparate textures of sound in an intricate, sometimes hypnotic, but at all times beautiful, whole. *True if Destroyed, True if not Destroyed* begins with the solid "Young Lawyer" and holds the same stately mood throughout the album until the controlled chaos of "The Better G", the album's stunning finale. The album's high point, "Kelowna", features a gorgeous guitar riff, and reaches a majestic note without becoming overdone. I'm still no closer to figuring out what the picture on the front cover, the album name, or in fact what anything associated with this album means; all I can tell you is that it's better to not worry

about it. *True if Destroyed, True if not Destroyed* is a beautiful album; just sit back and let the mysteries of it wash over you.



Never Trust a Man With No Shirt On

Entertainment advice from Alim Lalani

The Trailer Park Boys is the greasiest show on television (Showcase, Wednesday and Sunday nights). You can get advice on how to start a hoodless, door-less car with an aerosol spray and how to not wear a shirt...ever. Greasy only begins to describe the hilarious antics of the characters that make up this magnificent entertainment. Why the heck would you want to burn precious minutes of your life watching this?

- Bubbles - the self-described "googly eyed bastard" - makes his living stealing wobbly shopping carts from one mall, fixing them up, and selling them to a rival mall.
- While on trial for siphoning gasoline, Ricky manages to convince "your majesty" (i.e. the judge) to allow him to smoke and swear in court while representing himself. He promptly manifests this newfound power



Hollywood Loves Hershlag

Meghan Sbrocchi takes a look at Natalie Portman

Described as free, intelligent and stunningly beautiful, Natalie Portman has also been deemed "the new Audrey Hepburn". She has long since been loved by Star Wars geeks and now with her recent popularity these admirers are becoming more abundant. Her quirky role in *Garden State* so greatly contrasts her character as an exotic dancer in *Clash* that the release of these two films were highly publicized as "defining a new stage in her life and career", and rightly so.

The hot and youthful Natalie Portman is Hollywood's latest pride and joy. After spending 13 years as an actress, carefully selecting notable, diverse roles, in addition to attaining a Harvard degree (with honours) Portman was nominated for Best Supporting Actress at this year's Academy Awards. She has already



picked up the Golden Globe for the same category - a sincere surprise considering her competition included the likes of Meryl Streep and Cate Blanchett. But was it really a surprise? In the last twelve months, Portman has graced the cover of *Vogue*, *Esquire* and *Elle* magazines. Her articles all bare a similar tone, one that accentuates the fact that she is a Harvard graduate, a stellar beauty and a promising actress. She is hailed for being an intellectual and a humanitarian. It seems as though Portman can do no wrong. The only thing Portman seems to find difficult is speaking effectively into a microphone, as demonstrated at the recent Golden Globe Awards.

Fans argue that Natalie Portman has always been an object of excellence and resent the fact that she is now becoming a mainstream celebrity. Evidently rock group Ozma have been longtime admirers, as they released a song entitled "Natalie Portman" on the 1999 album *Rock and Roll Part Three*.

Both men and women adore her, yet there comes a time where the acclaim for Portman's "impressive perfection" can become irritating. On the other hand, with the likes of Ashlee Simpson on Hollywood's C.V it's tough not to highlight a celebrity who comes with the added bonus of having a brain - among other things

by flipping off the prosecutor and demanding his last two smokes.

- Julian's retirement plan, "Freedom 35", starts with the boys having to steal car stereos at the local mall's parking lot while wearing tuxedos. Says Julian to the mall cop: "Do you really think two guys wearin' suits would be stealing car stereos?"
- Duct Tape has many uses: sling for broken bones, shackles to kidnap the lead singer of RUSH, a patch for shirts with electrical burns or fence tears, etc.
- Stolen i.e. "remarketed" barbecues can be hidden underwater from the police using water-wings to keep them afloat...just barely
- Your local veterinarian Sam Losco can treat gunshot wounds. Payment in the form of a stolen ride-on lawnmower is accepted.

Put your cool pseudo-intellectualism aside for one night and give it a try!

An Evening With Jasper Flat

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And the singer couldn't hold much of a tune, but he could scream. This became a problem of jealousy for me. When I heard Wes was getting birthday party gigs, I figured that my screaming, talentless band was not great subject matter for birthdays or church suppers. So, a year and a half later, I quit." With their newly devoted Drummer in tow, Jasper Flat is looking forward to finally doing some studio stuff in May. How-

ever, the band is still making some time for a great cause:

Conduct Becoming Canada is an album of U of T student songs released for Cancer fundraising. Guitarist Trevor Wiken comments, "It's not about the music at this point. We were approached to submit for this cause, and we all feel that there is nothing we would rather support. Cancer is a disease that can affect anyone and we want to be behind

this, raising money to help rid the world of this horrible disease. But Jasper Flat is much more than just saving lives. For us, it's really about the music". Heartfelt. If anyone hasn't heard of Jasper Flat, this is surely a testament that you will. Please visit the band at www.jasperflat.com.

The Assassination of Richard Nixon: as mundane as Richard Nixon himself According to Siqi Zhu, Sean Penn can't get his act together.

The Assassination of Richard Nixon is, upon first look, a movie that teeders with promise and creative potential, especially in light of recent successes in the same genre — let's just call it "biopics done with artistic license" — such as *Monster* and *Stander*. Critics' darlings Sean Penn and Naomi Watts pair up again to recount the story of Samuel Byck, who, in 1973 — when Bin Laden was still courting blondes in Beirut — conceived the now infamous plan to fly an airliner into the White House. Sounds like all the ingredients for a tour de force, huh? I thought so too until 30 minutes into the movie, when anticipation gave way to lamentations over how this first-rate material executed by first-rate talents turned out to be the hunk of mundanity that it is.

Now don't get me wrong — as much as *Assassination* fails to stand up to expectations, it is not a terrible story: Samuel Byck, a white middle-aged furniture salesman and wannabe tire business owner, was the least likely candidate for a revolutionary. Yet, as his social incompetence and dogmatic idealism led to dif-

ficulties with his career, marital life, and self-esteem, he slowly transformed into a deluded sociopath, bent on viewing the world as where the powerful stomped on the disenfranchised masses. To alleviate this "problem with the system", he took it upon himself to destroy the root cause of it all — Nixon and the White House.

Now mostly anyone would know not to take the movie at face value, and the images of Black Panthers and Americans carpet-bombing Viet Nam that *Assassination* insists on playing time and again have made it abundantly clear. All for naught, because whatever contemporary political relevance this movie attempts at is sabotaged by the naivety of its own message. That our society and the world at large is a game of domi-

nation played out by the rich and powerful against the meek and bullied sounds too much like the passing fancy of some high school student and not at all like the thesis of a serious political discussion.

Which in many ways undermines Sean Penn, whose effort to gloss over Byck as the "little guys' hero" seems ridiculous in light of Byck's, well, idiotic views (I laughed out loud when Sam Byck went to his local Black Panther's office to give advice. Zebra Party instead of the Black Panther Party, anyone?). Further straining audience sympathy is Penn's rather mediocre performance — by his own standards, anyways. One can almost look through Sam Byck's constant stuttering/fidgeting/nervousness, and recall Penn's role a few

years ago as a handicapped father in 2001's *I Am Sam*.

Assassination works better, however, on a personal level, as it presents the nagging question of identity and a potent depiction of our collective fear of anonymity. How would people react if I died? Do I even matter to anyone? Questions like these are bound to find resonance in volatile times such as ours, just as they did in the turmoil of the 70s. Oddly affecting are the film's last few scenes: as Byck utters to himself "A man is remembered by his work" and coverage of his hijacking unfolds on TV, his close friend and his wife go about their daily business as usual, not paying attention to what they thought was only another act of madness common in the 70s. Byck's attempt at Nixon's life, it turns out, doesn't even so much as disturb Nixon's daily schedule.

And just as Byck's plane never even took off, *Assassination* never quite got its own acts together — in the end, all they managed to do is to make a copycat out of Bin Laden.



Shooting the Neighbourhood: *Born into Brothels* empowers children in Calcutta's Red Light District, says Joel Elliott

I think it's safe to say, whether or not the general film-going public acknowledges it, that contemporary documentary is less a repository for information than it is a conduit for the documentarian's views on the world, and usually, an artistic means to practical ends. Such a conception certainly fits *Born into Brothels* — a new doc where photographer Zana Briski teaches children in Calcutta how to use a camera — and I can only hope films like this will make people realize that such an understanding of the medium isn't an 'aberration', a 'manipulation', or a 'deception'.

In many ways *Brothels* communicates the power of the camera in influencing its subjects, its viewers, and by consequence, society at large. Having lived in Calcutta's Red Light District for several months, photographer Zana Briski decided to turn her attention to the children who lived in the neighbourhood, mainly sons and daughters of prostitutes, pimps, bootleggers and drug dealers. She manages to in-

terest about 8-10 kids in the camera, and so begins a lengthy informal 'course' in photography. The thinking is, beyond the opportunities that it may afford them — many of these kids see it as their destiny to stay in the neighbourhood their entire lives, following in their parents' footsteps — that children who have never known anything else will be best able to capture its essence on camera.

Documentary, much like humanitarianism, has never fully shaken its colonial past, and the filmmakers are bound to tread on unstable ground for breaching the stigma against both disciplines. There's no question in watching the film, however, that the children's artwork which the film showcases at various interludes, is mediated through Briski and

Kauffman. Briski is persistent in her attempts to give these children new opportunities, and thankfully, completely unapologetic. The result is a kind of 'aesthetic humanitarianism' (or 'humanitarian aesthetic').

...Continued on Page 19



Growing Up Alone Marc Saint-Cyr says Kore-eda Hirokazu's new drama, *Nobody Knows*, is stunning

Many students already know about the difficulties of living on their own. But what if you had no income and were responsible for your three younger siblings as well? Based on true events, *Nobody Knows* revolves around a family of four children who have to fend for themselves after their mother abandons them.

The burden of responsibility falls upon their brother, 12 year-old Akira (newcomer Yuya Yagira in an award-winning performance), who must feed and teach his siblings, carefully manage their limited amount of money, and keep their secret safe from the landlords. One of this film's main themes is the simple delight of being a child. Time is treated differently in this film — the story doesn't plod onwards as a series of plot points, but flows with a peaceful melody. The entire movie unfolds from the children's point-of-view with simplicity and

beauty. We see the children quietly adapt to their new lives with a routine of home schooling, chores, and playing. As more and more time passes, this routine deteriorates into a struggle for survival, and the children's hopes of ever seeing their mother again gradually vanish. This is very much a coming-of-age film, especially in

the case of Akira, who deals with first love, puberty, broken friendships, and taking care of his siblings. The emotion between Akira, Saki (his love interest), and Akira's siblings is powerful and touching. Anyone who has had to baby-sit their younger siblings will identify with this movie.

So if you ever get the chance to see this movie, do

yourself a favor, forget the big-budget special-effects laden action movie you had your eye on ("cough!" *Alone in the Dark* *cough!") and check out this refreshing drama instead. You won't be disappointed. 9/10.



The Grizzled Gunslinger vs. The High-Flying Underdog

Marc Saint-Cyr highlights memorable moments from the 77th Academy Awards

Chris Rock: An Awards Show with Bite

There are many mixed reactions to Chris Rock's performance of hosting the Oscars this year. Personally, I liked him. He managed to keep the show together without making it too silly, as some hosts have done in the past. In fact, he had a wicked sense of humor, and took shots at everyone in the Hollywood crowd, from Michael Moore to Tobey Maguire to himself. Some people may complain that he was too harsh, but c'mon: I remember Billy Crystal and Steve Martin being just as merciless with their routines in past Oscar shows, if not more so. And I hope they have Mr. Rock back for future Oscar ceremonies. I'll take sharp-witted humor to fluffed-up, play-it-safe cheesiness any day (are you listening, David Letterman and Whoopi Goldberg?).

Go Spain Go!

It looks like 2004 was a good year for Spanish film, as *The Sea Inside* walked away with the Best Foreign Language Film award. More fun to watch, however, was the song "Al Otro Lado Del Río" (from *The Motorcycle Diaries*)

win for Best Song. It's hard to say which part was better, though: hearing songwriter Jorge Drexler sing his acceptance speech in Spanish, or watching Carlos Santana and Antonio Banderas' one musical performance smoke

Beyonce's three like a trio of cheap cigarettes.

The Angriest Man in Hollywood

It was bad enough that Sean Penn stole Bill Murray's Oscar last year, yet everyone's favorite grouchy bastard just *had* to ruin the atmosphere of this year's show by sulkily snapping back at Chris Rock over a joke about Jude Law. Okay Mr. Penn, it's a nice gesture to stick up for your co-star and everything, but jeez! I think Jude Law can take a joke, and all of Rock's other targets seemed to...so why can't you?



Indie Power

Every Oscar season, I always find myself rooting for a special kind of movie. I know the kind I'm talking about. They're those hip, arty, and often quirky films that earned nominations in the Best Picture, Director, and Actor/Actress categories (often in both), but only ever have a winning chance in the best Screenplay category. My favorite example is 1994's *Pulp Fiction*. In 2004 it was *Lost in Translation*. This year, *Sideways* and *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* entered this family of too-cool-for-Academy films. When it comes to this indie-film spirit, its essence was



perfectly captured in *Sideways* writer Alexander Payne's acceptance speech, where he thanked Fox

Searchlight for complete creative freedom, three words seldom heard in Hollywood these days. However, the highlight of the evening was when Charlie Kaufman, the twice-snubbed king of eccentric screenwriting, received his Oscar for *Eternal Sunshine*. A great film got the recognition it deserved and a great man was recognized for his fresh and original talent: 'nuff said.

The Big Disappointment of

the Evening

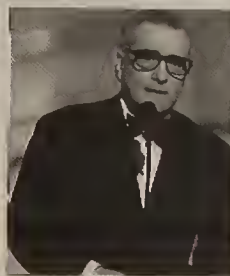
When Clint Eastwood's name was called for the Best Director, I was one of the viewers who started jumping up and down screaming, "Scorsese was robbed! Scorsese was robbed!" I hadn't lost any money betting on him in any Oscar pools, but that was only because my friends and I were in agreement that Scorsese would win. Alas, it was not to be. But there *is* a rational way of looking at this seemingly corrupt madness. Two of them, actually:

a) Clint most likely *did* do a better job of directing *Million Dol-*

lar Baby than Martin Scorsese did for *The Aviator*. True, a tremendous amount of effort went into *The Aviator*, and it is a fantastic film. But when one considers that Clint Eastwood acted, produced, directed, and composed the score for his movie, one can see where the Academy is coming from.

b) There is a very strong chance that Martin Scorsese *will* get his Oscar dues in the future...the only question is whether it will be for a film, or for his entire body of work. After all, Oscar has a notorious history of being unkind to some of the greatest cinematic auteurs in history. Alfred Hitchcock, Orson Welles, Stanley Kubrick...none of these film giants ever received an Oscar for their directing achievements on a particular film. It is a very real possibility that Scorsese will become one of these figures, acknowledged for his legacy in cinema history

(as Hitchcock and Akira Kurosawa were with the Irving G. Thalberg Memorial Award and Honorary Award, respectively) rather than a singular achievement. Then again, there is still a hope that Scorsese's next film (*The Departed*, a crime-thriller starring Leonardo DiCaprio and Jack Nicholson) will prompt Academy voters to loosen up and finally give Marty some Oscar love.



Who Says VHS is Dead?

Marc Saint-Cyr reviews *Rings*

If you liked the first *Ring* movie, chances are you'll like this 16-minute short film found on the 2-disc special edition of *The Ring*. The story revolves around a group of spaced-out college kids who want to better understand the haunted videotape phenomenon that was introduced in the first film. To do this, they each watch the videotape, then see how long they can last before getting someone else to watch it, thus saving themselves from dying within a week.

This is a neat little flick that will satisfy horror movie buffs and fans of the first *Ring* movie alike. There are plenty of jump-in-

your-seat moments; a *Blair Witch*-style documentary feel to it; the same dark, surreal ambience from the first movie; and even a few cool visual effects tricks. It was also interesting to see a whole other storyline that goes into an internet cult following of the videotape legend. The actors hold their own as the awe-struck teenagers and twenty-somethings who explore the terror of the Ring (most notably the male lead, Ryan Merriman, who does his best to see his end of the dare all the way through). All in all, this is a creepily good quick fix before *The Ring 2* hits theatres on March 18th.



Be Cool Just Isn't

Peter Knegt issues a warning

From its opening sequence, fueled by supposed "tongue-in-cheek" jokes about the film's character's own hatred of sequels, one is aware that *Be Cool* is going to be anything but. In fact, F. Gary Gray's sequel to 1995's clever and entertaining *Get Shorty* is an unreasonable mess, and an early candidate for the worst film of 2005.

The only significant remnant of its predecessor is John Travolta's character, Chilli Palmer, an ex-loan shark who is fed up with the film industry and decides to take a stab at music. He teams up with Edie (Uma Thurman), a record executive and former "laundry girl" for AC/DC, to launch the career of Linda Moon (Christina Milian). Unfortunately, Chilli still has his



fair share of enemies, a wide array of goofballs played by Cedric the Entertainer, The Rock, Harvey Keitel, Vince Vaughn, and Outkast's Andre 3000, among others.

Be Cool attempts parody, but generally what results is what feels like an extra-long, extra-bad Saturday Night Live sketch, complete with numerous homophobic and racist jokes. It's hard to believe why respectable actors like Thurman or Keitel would succumb to these levels, and even John Travolta could do better. Some of the sequences are downright horrifying, specifically an attempt at recreating *Pulp Fiction*'s infamous Travolta-Thurman dance sequence at a Black Eyed Peas concert. Please, don't *Be Cool*.

Television: Friend, Mother, Secret Lover Erin Rodgers writes a new T.V. guide

Due to recent illness, I have had a brief, but intense schooling in the ways of daytime television. I was too sick to go anywhere and was having trouble sleeping. Therefore, I found myself unable to do anything but passively watch hours of mind-numbing entertainment geared to bored housewives and, if I have judged correctly, the criminally insane. You learn a lot stuck inside the house. Unfortunately, I felt so guilty for being inactive for a week that I found myself slipping into a shame spiral. Dammit, all that T.V. got to me!

Okay, perhaps I can protect the few remaining brain cells that survived this onslaught. Hopefully, this will be a way to ease my brain back into ordinary use. I fear if I do not make this attempt then I will become one of those poor unfortunates who have given up all human interaction, and instead, sit around all day yelling "Oh no you di-n't!" at their television sets. Therefore, I present you with my guide to television.

The View:

Fascinating, if only for its apparent insights into the how television executives imagine modern American womanhood. Today's woman can be anything she wants, be that a self-obsessed former lawyer, a sweet-but-bland mother, or a remarkably unfunny comic whose main contributions appear to be wildly inappropriate comments about her own divorce and the accompanying awkward silences. Oh, and there's a young one. Her contribution is being young, and usually, dumb as a rock.



Congratulations American feminists! Aren't you proud of what all your hard work has wrought? Okay, there is still a glass ceiling, but now there's also a show where a bunch of women sit around on a couch, talk about boring issues, and then drool over male guests. Gloria Steinem, your dream of the recognition of equality of the sexes has come true. This show has proven that women on television can be just as boring, humourless and pathetic as men.

Maury Povich:

This show should come with a warning label: "If you experience depression do not watch this show as it could be hazardous to what remains of your belief in human goodness." This is just one of many shows that presents itself as helping people, and instead, only serves to delight the watcher by parading out a group of people so pathetic that you cannot help but laugh at them. That, or feel suicidal depression—which has been warned of in the first sentence of this paragraph—leaving shows like these to delight the rest of us. In fact, I found these shows very therapeutic during my illness. I felt better about my own problems. It was true that there was school work piling up that I was unable to do. However, there were others with far worse problems than myself. I did not have an 11-year-old child who had engaged in sex 58 times, I didn't have a baby that weighed 50 pounds and I am almost positive that I will never have to force six men to take paternity tests to determine who my child's father is—Carl Weathers, you are as smooth as molasses and twice as sweet.



I see shows like "Maury" as providing a public service. They give badly coifed personal injury lawyers a chance to offer their services to decent, hardworking Americans. They will also provide the children who appear on the show taped evidence that they can provide in court trials in eighteen years. Perhaps the series of poorly planned convenience store robberies will make more sense in the context of the very special episode "Maury, I know #88 is the father".



Dr. Phil:

So much has been written about Dr. Phil that I have only a few things to add. If therapy involves spouting cute home-spun wisdom and yelling at people, then Dr. Phil is brilliant. However, it does not. Dr. Phil is an egomaniacal, spanking-obsessed, cave-troll who believes in nothing more strongly than "family values" and his own infallibility.

Also, and maybe I'm ruffling a few feathers here, Dr. Phil is too heavy to be giving out weight-loss advice. I remember catching part of a show in which he described telling his wife she had to lose some weight. Now if a man who is clearly a little overweight himself ordered me to lose weight I would either (a) kill him (b) divorce him, or (c) let out a hearty laugh after exclaiming "Sure, after you tubby." Apparently his wife chose an entirely different route, listening to him drone on while picturing the millions of dollars he is likely worth.

Perhaps, what I can learn from this show is that sometimes it is better to keep your mouth shut and then carefully funnel millions of your obnoxious husband's money into an untraceable account in the Cayman Islands and then suddenly disappear one day. Or at least I hope to God that's what her plan is.

2005 Movie Preview

Peter Knegt looks into the future

In my opinion, 2004 was a year to be excited about movies. Though there was the usual batch of glossy, overly commercial crap, there was enough originality and creativity out there to sustain any cinema buff. All those year-end articles highlighting the unprecedented success of *The Passion of the Christ* and *Fahrenheit 9/11* seemed to miss the point. Sure, their financial glory will forever have their place in Hollywood history, but there were so many other great films that deserved more attention.

Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind, for example, was my favourite film of 2004. It had humor, depth, and a unique cinematic energy. And the fact it employed some of Hollywood's biggest names somehow made it even more admirable. Without getting into much detail, I felt similar admiration for *Sideways*, *Before Sunset*, *Kill Bill Vol. 2*, *Bad Education*, *Closer*, and numerous others (to varying degrees, of course). And as I await the typically horrific

winter releases to quickly come and go from theatres (eg *Are We There Yet?*, *Eeked*), I offer a preview to 10 films that potentially could become what will make me (and you!) excited in 2005.



10. *Cinderella Man*: I've never particularly enjoyed Ron Howard. His recent films seem generally overrated (*A Beautiful Mind*) or downright horrible (*The Grinch*). And Russell Crowe has annoyed me since *Gladiator*, despite my sincere appreciation of his earlier work. So, why, you ask, am I including their latest collaboration in this list? Well, it's quite simple. I'm in it. I spent one day on the set of this film as "Fight Fan #16". Mind you, I did quit after one day of work and most likely will be absent from the final cut of the film, but my sentimental relationship with this film (it's about a boxer, apparently) remains. (Expected release date: July)

9. *Melinda and Melinda*: For years, people have been saying that [insert film here] will be Woody Allen's comeback film. So why does the fact that they're saying it again persuade me to believe it? Two words: Will Ferrell. (March)

8. *Rent*: I love this musical. And though I'm wary of barely

credible directors taking on these projects (Joel Schumacher, I'm staring in your direction), I'm remaining optimistic. Chris Columbus has done *okay* work, and his decision to keep the majority of the original Broadway cast in the film was a respectfully ballsy one. And it's hard to mess something up that's already so good. (December)

7. *In Her Shoes*: As a closeted sucker for a really good chick flick, I'm thinking Curtis Hanson's latest has potential to be a great one. Adapted from a wonderful novel and starring Cameron Diaz, Toni Collette and Shirley MacLaine, *Shoes* should mark a distinct change of pace for the former *8 Mile* director. (July)

6. *King Kong*: Peter Jackson remakes the already three-times remade classic. It stars Jack Black, Naomi Watts and Adrien Brody. ...Continued on Page 19



2005 Movie Preview

...Continued from Page 18

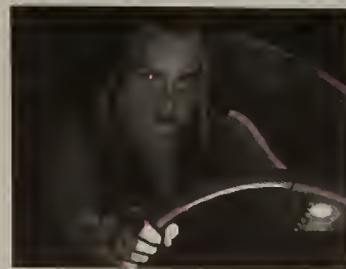
I understand it could be a massive disappointment. But it's hard to ignore its potential. (December)

5. *Batman Begins*: Speaking of potential disappointments, is there a film with greater expectations than this? It's a great comic book adapted by a potentially great director (Christopher Nolan of *Memento*) with an incredible cast (Christian Bale, Morgan Freeman, Liam Neeson, Michael Caine). Take that, Joel Schumacher. (June)

4. *Tim Burton's The Corpse Bride*: The original *Batman*, Helmer's other 2005 release, *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, is getting all the attention, but it's this flick, filmed in stop-motion animation a la Burton's 19 classic *The Nightmare Before Christmas*, that's got me excited. (November)

3. *A Scanner Darkly*: Adapting the Philip K. Dick novel, wunderkind Richard Linklater mixes *Waking Life* style animation and live action footage to hopefully create what could potentially be a sci-fi classic (about drug addiction and schizophrenia no less). More over, the film stars Keanu Reeves, Robert Downey Jr. and Winona Ryder (apparently Linklater wanted actors who actually had experience with drug abuse - I'm being serious). (Fall)

2. *The Fountain*: From a director that could probably give Linklater a pointer or two regarding films about drug addiction, *Requiem For A Dream*'s Darren Aronofsky finally puts out his follow-up to 2000's cult classic. Starring Hugh Jackman, Ellen Burstyn and Rachel Weisz, *Fountain* is one of those parallel-multiple storyline films, and though I'm slightly worried the film's delay might be suggestive of Aronofsky's one hit wonder potential, I'm still



really excited. (November)

1. *Brokeback Mountain*: I won't believe it until I see it. Ang Lee directs Heath Ledger and Jake Gyllenhaal in a love story about gay cowboys. If there isn't at least a makeup sequence, I will NOT be impressed. (November)

Shooting the Neighbourhood: *Born into Brothels*

...Continued from Page 16

where Briski expresses her own desire and efforts in allowing the children their *own* means to express themselves. As far as I can tell she is adequate in not enforcing her own opinions on how they should use the camera (there's a humorous sequence where one child accidentally ends up with a whole role of blank photographs), and her patience with them yields spectacular results while their photography isn't groundbreaking by any means, it has a feeling of authenticity that would be incredibly difficult for an outsider to replicate.

At the same time Briski works to get the children out of the neighbourhood, facing the difficulty of allowing one child to fly to Amsterdam to participate in an international art show, and the arduous process of getting them into schools

where they can further their artistic careers. Most of these schools won't take the kids solely because they come from the Red Light District, and even more tragically some of their families will not allow them to leave under any circumstances; depending on them for future income. The reactions to the cameras (both the documentarians' and the childrens' still cameras) is difficult to generalize, but it appears that many residents are uncooperative or even hostile towards their presence. It's a more confusing aspect of the film that the neighbourhood is never given the benefit of full perspective. Of course, you always show some aspects at the cost of others, and it is clear that Briski and Kauffman have chosen to focus almost entirely on the children, and their perspective on their environment is

usually the only one we're given. There's very little active voice-over or interviewing in the film, and most of what we see is Briski's interaction with the children.

Born into Brothels is a solid effort for first time filmmakers, and its almost impressionistic mix of fast-paced cinematography, straightforward vérité and the childrens' still photography, gives it a stylistic rhythm which allows the viewer never to lose interest. Combining artistic flourish, functional humanitarianism, journalistic exposé and inspiring human drama, *Brothels* may be the best of the nominees for the Documentary Oscar this year.



Thank you

We wish to extend sincere thanks to our graduating Executive members and Staff Writers, especially our Editors-in-Chief for their leadership and vision. Good luck in all your future endeavours. Thanks also to everyone who contributed to the Herald this year. Good luck with exams and have a safe and happy summer.

prizes!

free food!

demos!

The University of Toronto
Sustainable Energy
Fair

contest!

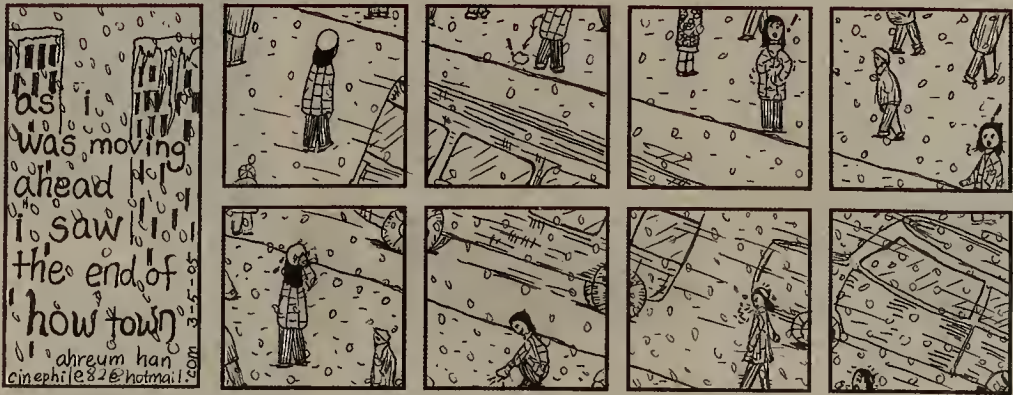
activities!

The University of Toronto Second Annual
Sustainable Energy Fair
King's College Road or Medical Science Building*
University of Toronto, St. George Campus
Wednesday, March 30th, 2005
11am to 6pm
*Rain location

* come see what students, businesses and the community
are doing to develop and promote sustainable energy*

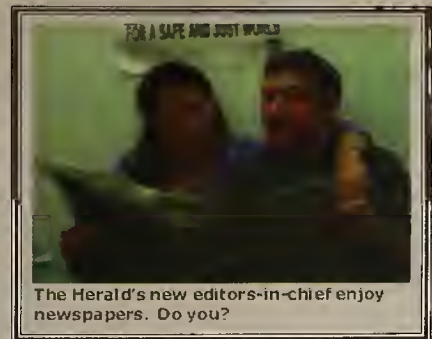
learn how to make your own sustainable energy choices

<http://www.ele.utoronto.ca/sef/>



**Innis Herald
Nostalgia**

Thanks for a great three years Herald!
(Stephanie Silverman and Corey Katz, September 2002)



Farewell to Frank Cunningham! Thanks for
all of your support for Herald over the years.
(The young Cunningham, circa 1977)



8/3
2005